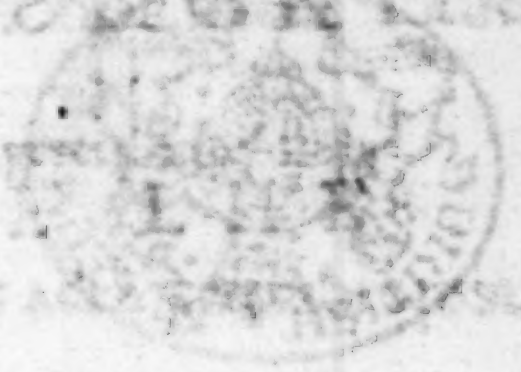
MEMOIRS

OF THE

NOTED BUCKHORSE.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
NOTED BUCKHORSE.

In which,

Beſides a MINUTE ACCOUNT of his paſt MEMORABLE EXPLOITS,

That celebrated HERO is carried into higher LIFE;

Containing ſome very Extraordinary EVENTS.

Interſperſed with

Remarkable ANECDOTES of ſome BLOODS of Fortune and Eminence, Companions of Mr. *BUCKHORSE*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Our Hero's Birth, with ſome Particulars relating to his Education; with his remarkable Manner of Dreaming.

BUCKHORSE, the illuſtrious Subject of theſe Memoirs, came into the World very probably as other People do, but where, or when, I cannot with any Certainty ſay; 'tis poſſible indeed, had I conſulted the Regiſter of St. *Giles*'s Pariſh, I might have ſatisfied the Reader's Curioſity; but as that Knowledge would have made him little the wiſer, and not one Jot the better, I have omitted the Enquiry.

The Birth of this great Man was not, (at leaſt that I know of) attended with any of thoſe Prodigies which generally uſher

great Men into the World; the Sea ebb'd and flow'd as uſual, and Rain and fair Weather came in their due Seaſons, as if no ſuch Event had happen'd; no fiery Dragon was ſeen in the Air, and the Sun did not ſtand ſtill one ſingle Minute; the Earth did not tremble, and not one River forſook its Bed.

The Reaſon of Nature's Inattention to an Event of ſuch Importance, I ſhall leave others to account for, and proceed.

He was early conſign'd to the Care of a Pariſh Nurſe, from whom he ſuck'd in the Love of Gin, which gives him that Courage and Intrepidity which conſtitute the Hero.

What Progreſs he made at Taw, or Chuck-Farthing, is, I think, immaterial; or whether daily Floggings attended his Negligence at School, I cannot poſitively ſay; but as Heroiſm, that is to ſay Fight-

ing, had fill'd up every Crany of his Brain, 'tis very probable there could be very little Learning crowded into it.

An Education however he had, tho' he was not of *Brazen-Noſe College*, *Oxford*; nor of *Trin. Coll. Cam.* but ſtudied under the famous *Thomaſius Smallwood*; by this great Man he was initiated in all the Myſteries of Athletick Diſputations; in which he became ſo great a Proficient, that he had always Arguments ready at his Fingers Ends, and generally kept his Antagoniſt at Arm's Length; and convey'd his Meaning ſo forcibly, that the Head of his Opponent muſt be hard indeed, if it did not retain laſting Impreſſions from the Strokes of his Reaſoning.

His Love of Fame recommended him to the Notice of Heroes of every Claſs: Not a Blood, Buck, or Jemmy of this great Metropolis, but was proud of his Acquaintance. He is ſaid to be the Founder

of the noble Society of *Bucks*, which, in honour to him, bear that Name; but this, as we have it from hear-ſay only, we cannot poſitively affirm.

Sir *Harry Buck*, and *Jemmy Blood*, were among the Number of his moſt intimate Acquaintance, and were proud of being thought ſo; for they introduced him to Routs, Revels, Drums, Aſſemblies, Balls, and Maſquerades, and every other faſhionable Amuſement the Town abounds with; ſo that by Degrees he became as much the Gentleman, as any Lord, Knight, or Squire of them all. He learned to ſwear very prettily, lie with a good Grace, flatter and deceive, promiſe any thing, and perform, —as great People generally do.

His Intimacy with the Wits and Hummers of the Town got him the Reputation of an Author; and he has been charged with publiſhing ſome Tracts in Divinity, ſome Phyſical Treatiſes, and other lighter Subjects;

Subjects; such as Memoirs, Lives, Poems, Acroſtics, Songs, Rebus's, Riddles, and Dying Speeches. He has likewiſe been violently ſuſpected of now and then throwing a *Hague* Letter, by way of Humbug, into the *Advertiſer*; of compoſing Sermons for the Uſe of Methodiſt Teachers, and Hymns for that of their Congregation; but has deny'd the Charge, aſſuring his Friends he never would attempt to write, till he could write Truth and Common Senſe.

It has been an invariable Cuſtom with Authors to mention every Particular relating to their Hero, with the greateſt Nicety imaginable; it would be deem'd unpardonable to omit the Wart upon the Noſe, the Length of Chin, or hobbling Gait of any great Man.

That I may not therefore fall under the Cenſure of my Readers for my Neglect in this Particular, I ſhall relate of *Buckhorſe*,

what indeed will ſeem incredible; but which, nevertheleſs, upon the Veracity of an Author, I affirm to be ſtrictly true; and if the ſacred Word of an Author is not ſufficient, we can produce fifty old Gentlewomen, of both Sexes, in the Pariſh where he liv'd, to atteſt the Truth of it. The Circumſtance we mean is his remarkable Gift of Dreams, being reckoned the very beſt Dreamer in *England*: He has his Sleeping and his Waking Dreams, and can dream upon all Subjects with equal Facility; for Inſtance, in reading a Sermon, he can dream you twenty Minutes by *Shrewſbury* Clock with any Parſon in *England*, the Dominion of *Wales*, or good Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*.

For dreaming of Places and Penſions he exceeds all the Courtiers upon Earth; and dreaming one Night of being aſked if he would accept a Biſhoprick, like Sir *Francis Wrongbead* in the Play, he ſlipt out yes, when he ſhould have ſaid no, which

ſpoiled

ſpoiled his Preferment. He to this Day laments his having ſpoke Truth upon that Occaſion, becauſe the Diſappointment rouzed him from the ſweeteſt Reverie that ever Man had, for uſing the Privilege of his new Office! He had already provided for ſome of his Friends; to *Broughton* he had given a Living of two or three hundred Pounds *per Annum*, with a fat *Sine Cure*; *Slack*, he promoted to a Deanery; and made *Tom Smallwood* a Golden Prebend of his Cathedral; and the *Iriſh Boy* he recommended to a Curacy under Mr. Dean *Slack*.

Another Time, dreaming he was a Juſtice of the Peace, he thought a Gentleman was brought before him for a Quarrel; on whom he exerciſed his Wit in the following Manner:

'Ha! ye Dog, have I catch'd you at laſt? I knew I ſhould have you; what! a Burglary I ſuppoſe! Ay, you'll be hang'd,

Sirrah, I read it in your Face; a pretty Sort of a Hang-in-chains Look; the Devil has ſtamped his Broad R in your Forehead. What, Sirrah, People can't ſleep in their Beds at Night for ye; I'll clear the Town of ye, ye Dogs, I will; next Seſſions will do your Buſineſs, I warrant you. Let me ſee, I have hang'd and ſent over the Herring Pond 1930 odd; this Seſſion will make it up about 2000; the Government is oblig'd to me; if it was not for me People would be rob'd at Noon Day; come, write his Mittimus.—Here he fancied a Gentleman ſpoke, and told him, Sir, you miſtake the Matter quite; this is Captain *Broadſide*, Son to a noble Peer. Upon this Information he lower'd the Top-ſail of his Wrath, and taking the Gentleman by the Hand, My dear Captain, ſaid he, excuſe my treating you ſo roughly; how does your Honour? I hope my good Lord your Father is well. Bleſs me! I am ſtrangely forgetful. Do me the Honour to ſit down. Here! a Chair for the Captain. I'll examine into this Affair preſently.

Then

Then turning to the Plaintiff, Heark-you, Sirrah, ſaid he, what have you to ſay to this Gentleman? What, you keep a Bawdy Houſe, I ſuppoſe, and want to extort Money from him. Do you know, Sirrah, that young Gentlemen are not to be controul'd in their Pleaſures by ſuch Raſcals as you. Why, Sirrah, if the Gentleman had taken a liking to your Wife, it was your Duty to have oblig'd him; he ſerves the King, Sirrah; he is Commander of a Man of War; and if he wants a Man I'll ſend you away, I will, Sirrah. Don't I know you, ye Dog? the Pillory groans for you. Here he thought his Clerk ſtep'd up, and whiſpered, that was *Moll Townley*'s Huſband. Oh, Oh, ſaid he, if that is the Caſe, I'll tell you what Captain,—and you Mr. *Townley*, (I did not know you before, excuſe me;) if you think proper, we'll ſettle this Affair to Night at the *Bedford*; the Captain ſhall ſaddle the Spit, and there is an End of it. So there is of *Buckhorſe*'s Dream, and of this Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Falls in Love. A Specimen of Love-Letter Writing, Courtſhip and Marriage. Birth of a Child, with ſome remarkable Goſſipping.

BUCKHORSE had fallen in Love (Heroes, like other Men, have their Foibles) with a young Lady, who now and then amus'd herſelf with picking Cinders; long Time he pined in ſecret, but at length reſolved to diſcloſe his Paſſion; the Manner how was now the Queſtion. He was not good at making Love Speeches, and knew that the Succeſs of ſuch a Declaration depends much upon the Manner of making it. He reſolv'd, as two Heads are ſometimes better than one, to wait on his Friend Squire *Blood*, and take his Advice upon the Matter. It was, after mature Deliberation, agreed he ſhould communicate his Thoughts by Letter. Much Time

was

was ſpent in writing, and blotting, mending the Pen, and other ſuch Matters; but in about three Hours, or three and a half at moſt, their joint Labour produced the following one, which, as it abounds with Similies, Metaphors, and all that, it may perhaps ſerve as a Model for the Bloods of a ſucceeding Age.

Dear Mrs. *Rachael Ragged Rump*,

THE Suns of your bright Eyes having burnt my Heart to a Cinder, permit me to lay it in the Duſt-cart of your Affection; let not your Reaſon riddle me too nicely, leaſt I be thrown on the Dunghill of your Diſdain. Oh! rather let me light the Fire of your Love, and let not the Aſhes of your Anger put out the Sparks of my Paſſion; but let the Bellows of Deſire blow up in your Soul a Flame as bright, and pure, as that which now conſumes

Your humble Adorer,

BUCKHORSE.

Direct

Direct for me at the *Ram's-Head*, in *Goat-Alley*, next Door to the *Dog's-Head and Porridge-Pot* in *Broad St. Giles's.*

This flaming Epiſtle was diſpatch'd by the Pennypoſt, and next Morning brought an Anſwer in the following Words, which we ſhall not preſume to alter.

Mr. *Buckhorſe*,

SIR,

I Receed yurs, an hop u ar vel as Im at this praſant Riting. Yur litur his to hie ſtyle fur me; bute hif u intends tow mari me, I am redy.

Yurs till Deathe,

her

Rachael Ragged + Rump.

Mark

The Marriage Articles not taking much Time in drawing up, this lovely Couple were tack'd together by a good natur'd Gentleman; who, for a Couple of Shillings more, offered the Uſe of his own

Bed

Bed for Conſummation. *Buckhorſe* thanked him, but mov'd firſt for a ſmall Collation, which appeared in the Shape of Bread, Cheeſe, and half a Pint of Gin.

The Parſon wiſh'd them Joy with all his Soul; he did not doubt they ſhould be very happy; he never ſaw a handſomer Couple in his Days. This Compliment introduced another half Pint; that an other; then a third, and ſo on, till *Morpheus* came in and ſealed up their Eyelids.

In about an Hour they all awaked, and at the ſame Inſtant; which Circumſtance was owing to the following Cauſe.

The Landlord of the Houſe, who was a liquoriſh Sort of a Fellow, taking Advantage of Mrs. *Rachael*'s paſſive Situation, had taken a Liberty which Decency will not permit me to mention. His Wife, who was juſt returned from a Viſit ſhe had been making, ſeeing her Huſband employed in a Manner ſhe did not approve,

run

run haſtily into the Yard, and fetching a Pail of Water, threw it over her inconſtant Swain and the unguarded *Rachael*, whoſe Screams on this Occaſion awaked her two Companions.

Buckhorſe enquired the Reaſon of the Outcry; the Landlord told him he'd ſhow him preſently; and taking a Broom-Stick that lay in the Chimney Corner, began to belabour his Wife. The Parſon and *Buckhorſe* interpoſed; and being informed of the Subject of the Landlady's Complaint, declared the Huſband was in Fault, and condemned him, by way of Reparation to the Ladies, to pay half a Pint of Gin; which he agreeing too, the Affair was made up to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Buckhorſe having conducted his Bride to his Lodging, Mrs. *Diver*, the Landlady, received them very politely; and being inform'd of their Marriage, wiſhed them all kind of Happineſs, was ſorry ſhe could not accommodate them in a better Manner,

for that *Long Ned* and *Black Peg* had engaged the Bed for that Night; but, upon her Honour, let who would come they ſhould have it the next.

Many a Throat has been cut upon a much leſs Diſappointment than this; but *Buckhorſe* was a Man of ſuch Philoſophy, that he knew there is no ſuch Thing as perfect Happineſs in this World; he therefore bore it as he ought; he thought indeed on many Schemes to remove this Misfortune, and at laſt hit upon one which he flattered himſelf would be attended with Succeſs. He deſired Mrs. *Diver* to give his Compliments to *Long Ned*, and tell him, he thought a Way might be contrived how they four might lie in the ſame Bed, and not take up more Room than two. Mrs. *Diver* tapping him on the Cheek, ſaid, he was always a Wag, but wondered he could not make ſhift with a pretty Girl one Night without a Down Bed. *Buckhorſe* tip'd her the Wink, with

an,

an, Ha, ha, Mother; which was as much as to ſay you underſtand Things; and ſo indeed ſhe did, having been uſeful to Mankind ever ſince ſhe was twelve Years of Age. But of this, more hereafter.

A ſtrict Regard to Truth is, or ought to be obſerv'd by Authors of every Claſs; to ſhew our Obedience to this Rule, we frankly own, we know not how they paſſed the Night, *Buckhorſe* having always obſerved the keeping matrimonial Affairs a profound Secret.

Some Gentlemen would, perhaps at their next Club, have aſſured their Friends, that *Hercules*, in Feats of Love, was nothing compared to them; and that they were ſure at the End of nine Months all the World muſt be of their Opinion. However that may be, it is certain, that at the End of nine Weeks Mrs. *Buckhorſe* brought her Spouſe a Chopping Boy.

The

The Midwife who laid her was a very prudent Woman, and underſtood her Buſineſs; for having obſerved the Child with a good deal of Attention, ſhe declared ſhe never ſaw two Faces more alike than Mr. *Buckhorſe*'s and the Child's; it was a ſweet little Rogue! How prettily it ſmiled! he was as like the Father as if he had been ſpit out of his Mouth; two Peas were not more alike.

Envy, ſince ſhe has been baniſhed from the Palaces of the Great, has been obliged to take up her Reſidence in Cottages; ſhe appeared at Mr. *Buckhorſe*'s in the Shape of an old Woman, and thus ſhe ſpoke:

I hate Flattery, I do not think there is any Likeneſs at all; I hope things are all Right; but it's plain the Father has but one Eye, and the Child has two; and never a Pimple in his Face, the Father a great many; the old one is Parrot-toe'd and Bow-leg'd, the young one as ſtrait as an Arrow.—'Tis no Buſineſs of mine, if

other

other People are ſatisfied I ſhan't find Fault. But all was ſaid ſo low, that neither *Buckhorſe*, his Spouſe, nor the Midwife, heard one Word of it.

Mr. *Buckhorſe* bearing in mind what the Midwife had ſaid, and ſuppoſing her the beſt Judge of theſe Things, ſaid he was glad the Boy was ſo like him, becauſe as his Spouſe had come a little before her Time ſome People might be apt to ſuſpect. God bleſs the Boy, added he, and make him a ſtrong Man; I hope to live to ſee him beat *Broughton*, *Slack*, or any of them; *Tom Swallwood* ſhall be his God-father, and he'll teach him how to fight; I could do it myſelf for that Matter, but not ſo well as *Tom*; the Boy has a good Fiſt, and I think will be able to ſtrike as hard a Blow as any Body. Boxing, added he, is a very pretty Exerciſe, and very healthful; it opens the Cheſt, and enables a Man to go through Hardſhips; there's no People in the World can box like the *Engliſh*. If we had box'd the *French* at *Fontenoy*, inſtead of fighting them

them with Swords, we ſhould have beat them. And as to firing, there is no Judgment in that; for a Man cannot parry a Ball. I ſhould like, added he, to plump a *Frenchman*'s Bread-Baſket; and putting himſelf in a fighting Poſture, here, ſays he, I'd tip in the Mark, then I'd receive his Blow ſo, and crack, have him under the ſhort Ribs.—A ſmell of Fire drew his Attention to the Chimney Corner, where a Glaſs or two extraordinary of Gin had ſet the Company aſleep, and the Fire having catch'd hold of the Midwife's Cloaths, would have made Aſhes of her ſome Years ſooner perhaps than ſhe was prepared for ſuch a Change.

Buckhorſe happily recollected that there ſtood ſome Water under the Bed; he took up the Utenſil, and threw it in the Midwife's Face, rightly judging that the Water would deſcend; which it accordingly did, and prevented the Flame from mounting; for had it reached as far as her Waiſt, no mortal can tell what Damage it might have done.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Midnight* thanked him for his Care, but wiſh'd he had uſed Spring Water; for this ſhe ſaid had rather too ſtrong a Smell, and ſhe feared had ſpoiled her Cloaths.

Buckhorſe inſiſted the Water could not ſmell, as it had not been long made; but if ſhe choſe to be burned, he was ſorry he had hindered her.

She deſired him not to be angry, ſhe did not mean to offend him; and taking up the Gin Bottle, drank her Service to him, and then the good Woman in the Straw went round once or twice.

Mrs. *Buckhorſe* ſaid ſhe was very weak, and believed a ſmall Glaſs would do her no Harm; the Midwife ſaid, on the contrary it would refreſh her Spirits, after the Fatigue ſhe had undergone; ſhe took a Bumper, and compoſed herſelf to ſleep, and here we cloſe the Scene.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Contains modern Converſation at a Club.

BUCKHORSE and Squire *Blood* belonged to a Club at the *Fountain* Tavern in the *Strand*, chiefly compoſed of *Bloods* and *Bucks* from the City; who, beſides the Pleaſure of Converſation, had in View the taking a Leſſon now and then from *Buckhorſe*, to improve themſelves in the Art of Boxing, in order to qualify them for keeping the beſt Company.

After ſeating themſelves, and mutual Enquiries about each other's Health, the Bumpers went round, and then a Converſation enſued equally amuſing and inſtructive.

Dick Doulaſs, who was Journeyman to a Linnen-draper in *Cheapſide*, aſked the Company if they had ſeen *Garrick* in the

new

new Play? I have, ſays *Bob Alapeen* the Mercer; I have ſeen it; it's a d—d good Thing; *Garrick*'s a fine Fellow; he is an Angel; *Barry* is nothing at all to him; there's playing for you! He's certainly a good Player, reply'd *Doulaſs*, but—None of your *Butts*, ſaid *Alapeen*, interrupting him, he's the Thing; was there ever ſuch a Player? Sir, ſays an elderly Gentleman, who was a Lieutenant upon half Pay, what ſignifies your talking? did you ever ſee *Booth?* I have ſeen him, and *Wilks*, and *Cibber*; nay, I remember *Betterton*; there was playing, if you talk of playing. I have ſeen *Booth* in *Cato*, when you would have ſworn you ſaw the very *Roman* himſelf: And then *Wilks*, he was quite the Gentleman; and *Cibber*, there was a Fop for you; but old *Betterton!* it would do one's Heart good to ſee him tread the Stage. Pray, ſays *Alapeen*, Captain, what do you think of Mrs. *Cibber?* Why, replied the Officer, the Woman's well enough, but nothing at all to *Oldfield*; there was a Figure for you. Come, put the Glaſs about; ay, ay, there

was Playing! The Players now are nothing to what they were in my Time. Sir, ſays *Doulaſs*, I believe the Town are as good Judges now as they were then, and they ſeem to think—A Fig for the Town, ſaid the Officer, the Judges are all gone; there was *Tom Pennant*, a Lieutenant of a Man of War, and as brave a Fellow he was as ever ſtep'd between Stem and Stern; poor *Tom*, he died of a Surfeit at *Jamaica*; and there was *Sam Jolly*, a Fellow of a few Acres in *Bedfordſhire*; he ran it out indeed, he was too fond of Gaming, he died in the Lock; and there was *Will Spruce*, he was a Woman's Man; and there was *Dick Short*, the merrieſt little Dog that ever breathed; he would ſing a Song, or tell a Story, with any Man in *England*; he would run his Noſe indeed at the Tavern. Poor *Dick*! old *Mixum* threw him into the *King's-bench*, where he died, poor Fellow, of the Goal Diſtemper. There was we five now. Come, put about: there was we five, I ſay, never miſt a Play; happy was the Man that could get into our Party;

no Author or Player dared to diſoblige us. I remember Sir *Richard Steele* took it in his Head to call our Judgment in Queſtion; ſo what do we upon this? When he brought his *conſcious Lovers* upon the Stage, why we fairly d—n'd it. No, no, they were obliged to keep fair with us, if they expected Succeſs. Sir, ſays Mr. *Blood*, was there the ſame Fun in hiſſing that we have now? Ay my Boy, and more, replied the Officer, we underſtood Things. I ſee, ſaid Mr. *Doulaſs*, we ſhan't ſettle this Affair. Come, Captain, give us your Toaſt. With all my Heart, Boy, *Reps*, *Demi-reps*, or *Brims*. Fie, fie, ſays Mr. *Fidget*, I proteſt I wonder Gentlemen an't aſhamed to toaſt the odious Creatures; they talk as ſmutty, and ſwear as broad as an Officer of Dragoons. Sir, ſays the Captain, I never had the Honour of ſerving in the Dragoons, or d—n me;—here he cock'd his Hat, and laid his Hand on his Toledo; I'd ſerve you as we ſerved the *French* at *Blenheim*. Charge the Army with ſwearing!

on

I'll maintain it whilſt I have Blood in my Veins, I will by G—d; there are no People upon the Face of the Earth ſwear ſo little as the Gentlemen of the Army. Why, I am now turned of Sixty, and by G—d I never ſwore an Oath in my Life to my Knowledge. And if you had, ſays Mr. *Blood*, where is the Harm? Come, Mr. *Fidget*, you ſpoil Company, here's *Biddy Bolus* in a Bumper. With all my Heart, ſays the Captain, I remember her Grandmother, and as fine a Girl ſhe was in her Time as ever trod in Shoe-leather; *Ned Acres* was very fond of her; a fine black Girl ſhe was, and ſuch fine round plump Heavers! She was the Toaſt of *Shropſhire*; ſhe married a Clergyman, a good honeſt Fellow he was; *Will Litany*, he and I went to School together; he was a meer Dunce, but turned out a clever Fellow at laſt. Come, what's the Toaſt? *Sally Sweet*; ay here's ſweet *Sally*, I never flinch it. Pray, ſays Mr. *Puff*, a Gentleman of *Lincoln-inn*, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. *Doulaſs*, what's become of *Tim Dweedle-*

dee? Poor *Tim*, ſays *Doulaſs*, he's off; many a Bottle he and I have crack'd together; he's a good honeſt Fellow; but—Ay, I thought, ſays *Puff*, he was going on too faſt; I told him of it many a Time; he has run through a great deal; the old Man, I believe, left him between three and four Thouſand. Is *Nat Nankeen* in being? Ay, *Nat*'s hearty; he's in keeping; old *Lovet*'s Widow in *Bread Street*; you know her.—I ſaw him at *Epſom* laſt Meeting very Jemmy. Was there any Thing in the Story about him and *Bett Tucker*? Ay, too true, ſays *Puff*; he has not uſed her well; ſhe was a charming Girl, and had the Stuff. Come, here's her Health. With all my Heart, ſays *Alapeen*: Ay, I always thought *Nat* would puſh himſelf; he has done the Thing well; I knew him when he was 'Prentice, he kept a Brace of Geldings.—What, *Puff*, you have bought *Tom Harris*'s Mare; ſhe's a good Thing! A good Thing! ſays *Puff*; only the beſt in *England* of her Inches, that's all. She

trots

trots fifteen Miles within the Hour for a Hundred of my Money; I ſay done firſt; the fineſt Forehand you ever ſet your Eyes on, you may put her Head in your Pocket, and ſhe ſets her Tail.—What's become of your black Horſe, *Doulaſs?* Poor *Sloe*, ſaid Mr. *Doulaſs*, I ran him blind; he was the beſt Thing I ever croſt: I rode him from *Cambridge* in two Hours and fifty Minutes: Lord *April* offered me a hundred Guineas for him to run in the Machine at *Newmarket*. Come, put about; is *Woffington* come over yet? Ay, ſays *Blood*, I ſup'd with her laſt Night at *Vauxhall*. There's a Woman! Such a Round of Joy, ſuch brilliant Things! She can't ſay a bad one, ſays *Alapeen*, and ſhe's prodigiouſly improved in her Playiug. I like her in *Jane Shore*; ſhe's the Thing; and then in *Cleopatra* how glorioufly ſhe dies! ſhe and *Barry* both do it well. Ah, ſays *Buckhorſe*; but I think Mr. *Garrick* combing the Wigg beats them all. *Buck*, how's the Thing, ſays Mr. *Blood*, who beats? It's all Hollow, ſays *Buckhorſe*, *Slack*'s a ſad Dog;

he's touched. Then I'll hedge off, ſays *Doulaſs*. *Alapeen*, where was you laſt *Sunday?* At the *Bald-fac'd Stagg* on the Foreſt, ſays *Alapeen*; there was good Company; we drank hard; I carried off a Gallon, and was no more concerned than now; went to *Bow-Street*, ſup'd with the Girls, drank a ſober Tiff of Rack, went to Bed, roſe cool in the Morning, and got Home before any of the Family were ſtirring.

The Converſation then inſenſibly fell upon the Poſture of Affairs in *Europe*, our vigorous Proceedings at Sea, and the prudent Diſpoſition of our Land Forces, who were placed advantageouſly for repelling the intended Invaſion. Let them land and be d—d, cry'd out the military Man with much Heat; give me but ten thouſand jolly Boys in Red, and I engage, at the Peril of my Head, to puſh double the Number of *Frenchmen* into the Sea, as my Lord *Marlborough* did ſome of their Fa-

thers

thers into the *Danube.* Ay, ay, that was a glorious Day; we took their General, and twenty Thouſand other Priſoners. The Duke proffered *Tallard* his Liberty, and to ſet the other Priſoners free, upon condition the *French* General ſhould fight him again—Come, the Glaſs is mine; here's to the glorious and immortal Memory of little *Jack Churchill*; he's a Son of a Whore, and a Papiſt, d—n me, that won't drink it.—And he's a Fool, and a Preſbyterian that does, ſays Mr. *Puff*; but this he ſpoke pretty ſoftly, becauſe he obſerved the Captain had put on his ſwearing and fighting Face, which he uſually did after the third Bottle, and then took a gentle Nap, to prepare himſelf for a fourth; which, as ſoon as he had fallen into, Mr. *Puff* began to expatiate upon the Miſchief ariſing from ſtanding Armies; it would never be well he ſaid, with old *England*, ſo long as we were ſaddled with them; they were blood thirſty Wretches, that in the late troubleſome Times they had entered *Scotland* in a hoſtile Manner without any

Provocation; where, in Revenge for their being ſhamefully beaten at the glorious Field of *Preſton-Pans*, they had put Man, Woman, and Child to the Sword; the very Cattle they butcher'd; that, to his Knowledge, the very Night of the unfortunate Battle of *Culloden*, a certain general Officer had two Children frigaſee'd for his Supper; that there was ſuch an Effuſion of loyal Blood, the River *Spey* remained tinctured for three Days; that the Cries of the murdered People have been frequently heard on the Banks of the aforeſaid River, crying out for Vengeance; that there has not been a ſingle Fiſh ſeen in it ever ſince; that the Bones of the Slain being piled up, make a Mountain ten Times higher than *Teneriff*, which is ſeen to ſhake every Year from the Firſt of *April* to the Sixteenth inclusive.

Buckhorſe ſaid he thought the Dead were very ſilly to let their Bones ſhake, it look'd like Fear; and if they had been fairly kill'd, what ſignified being uneaſy about

the

the Matter; they had better have had themſelves buried at once, and never thought more about it; they were but *Scotſmen*; and *Tom Smallwood* himſelf had been beat. Ay! beat ſays *Puff*, they may thank God there were Traytors ſomewhere. Ten Millions of Money, ſeaſonably beſtowed—you underſtand me. Ah, Bribery and Corruption! It is a known Fact, that ſeveral of the poor Highlanders were bribed to let the *Engliſh* knock them o'the Head. *Buckhorſe* proteſted he could not blame them, Money was very tempting. What ſignified what the World ſaid, if a Man had but Money? It's well known *Slack* can fight any Man, but he's to be touch'd. If *Broughton* had—What ſignifies *Broughton?* ſays *Puff*, with a Heicup; I ſay we are damnably tax'd, and all at the Helm are—brave Fellows, my Boy, and will ſouſe the *French*, ſays the Captain, ſtarting from his Sleep, take my Word for it: Here's honeſt *George Anſon* for ever; he'll ſmoke their Jackets for them, I warrant ye.

The Captain's fourth Bottle introduced a Converſation ſo like the former, that 'tis not worth repeating; but ſoon received a different Turn, by two or three Ladies entering the Room, which, Reader, if thou ar't a Male, thou knoweſt; if of the other Sex, may'ſt thou never know. One thing is certain, that, at the End of two Months, Mr. *M'Thorax*, the Surgeon, received twenty Guineas of Mr. *Puff*, for ſome Services which that Night's Work made neceſſary.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Bravery of our Hero. A Battle. Mrs. Buckhorſe *in Tribulation. A religious Diſpute. A Hero in Diſtreſs.*

MRS. *Buckhorſe* was juſt recovered from her Lying-in, when baſking one Morning in the Sun Beams, on one of thoſe charming Hillocks vulgarly called *Dunghills*, the Back of *Tyburn-road*, it chanced that a Youth, ruddy as the Morn, alighted from his Vehicle, and gently aſcending the Summit of the Hill, cry'd out with ſome Emotion, *Rachael!* She, offended at the Familiarity with which this Drayman (for ſuch he was) treated her, called him ſome Names which do not look handſome upon Paper, and deſired to know what he wanted with her? Nothing, my Dear, ſaid he coolly, but to carry you to *Newgate*; you know you pick'd my Pocket in *Marybone-fields*, and you muſt go

to *Darby-fair*; and laying hold of her, would have carried her before a Juſtice, had not her better Genius at that Inſtant appeared. It was *Buckhorſe*, whom Fortune at that Inſtant brought upon a Call of Honour, to fight about an *India* Handkerchief; a Prize which *Black Jack* attempted to defraud him of.

No ſooner did *Buckhorſe* ſee his chaſte Conſort in ſuch Diſtreſs, but he excuſed himſelf to *Black Jack*; and ſtepping up to the Drayman, tip'd him, in the *Tyburn-road* Phraſe, a Plumper in the Bread-Baſket.—Reader, thou haſt ſeen, perhaps, a tall Oak, when the Axe has been laid to the Root on't, fall, even ſo our Drayman fell, *Buckhorſe* thought to riſe no more; but was undeceived when he ſaw him come into *Beſs Diver*'s, ſome time after, with a Leaſh of Finders, a Sort of Dog peculiar to this Country, who ſtand erect, and very much reſemble Men, chiefly uſed in hunting after Thieves; but having this remarkable

markable Sagacity, ſeldom to purſue any but thoſe on whoſe Heads there is a Reward: by ſome they are called *Thief-takers* or *Blood hounds*, and charged with being as bad as the Vermin they purſue; but Scandal will have its Way till the World grows better; which *Merlin*, the *Welch* Prophet, has foretold will not happen till the Reign of *George* the Fifty ſecond, in the Year of our Lord 6571. However, Things went on here as they uſually do; one Thief was taken by another, and committed by a third; for Juſtice *Scrag'em* ſent poor *Rachael* to Hell, I had almoſt ſaid; but as the Place is better known by the Name of *Newgate*, we muſt be content to call it ſo. To *Newgate* then ſhe was ſent, to improve her Morals in this School of Virtue.

Buckhorſe had indeed, as to himſelf, ſoftned the Drayman's Wrath, by the Mediation of half a Pint of Gin; who ſaid he

was

was ſorry, now his Paſſion was over, he had hurt the poor Girl.

Mrs. *Diver* and *Buckhorſe*, improving this favourable Hint, told him it was not too late, he might ſerve her upon her Tryal. The Drayman replied, he did not know how it was, he had taken a great liking to Mr. *Buckhorſe*, and upon his Account would ſoften Things.

They then propoſed a Viſit of Condolance to the afflicted fair one, whom they found drinking a Pint of Hot with Mr. *James Stop'em*. Poor *Jemmy* had had the Misfortune to be ſhop'd, for that he had, contrary to his Majeſty's Peace and Dignity, in a certain open Field, near the Highway, with a certain Inſtrument made of Iron and Steel, Value one Penny, on the Perſon of *Samuel Stitch* made an Aſſault, and putting him in bodily Fear, had from the ſaid *Samuel* one Thimble made of Iron, Value three Farthings, one Steel Tobacco Box, value Twopence Halfpenny,

ſtolen

ſtolen and carried away, contrary to the Statute in that Caſe made and provided; for which ſaid Offence he was committed, and very juſtly; for not being in the Commiſſion of the Peace, he had no Right to take away any Man's Property without his Conſent.

From this Gentleman then poor *Rachael* was taking proper Inſtructions to make a Defence upon her Tryal; the Trouble of which ſhe might have ſpared herſelf, for *Buckhorſe*, the Drayman, and *Beſs Diver*, had amongſt themſelves ſettled that Point already, the Drayman having promiſed he would unſwear before the Judges what he had ſworn before the Juſtice; and *Beſs* promiſed to ſwear that Mrs. *Rachael* was engaged in an Amour, in her back Garret, at the Time this or any other Robbery ſhould be laid to her Charge; for ſhe ſaid ſhe could not conceive what Sort of Brutes there were in the World, that would not ſmack the Calf-ſkin to get a Friend out of Trouble, eſpecially as there was no Danger,

for

for the Court never examined the Characters of any but the Priſoners; and as to the Devil, ſaid ſhe, I defy him; I never wronged Man, Woman, or Child; there's no body can ſay, black's your Eye, *Beſs*. I defy the World; I have had many a good Gentleman in my Time, Lords, Dukes, and Captains too, as well as Officers and Soldiers, and no body can ſay I ever took the Value of a Braſs Pin from them. No, no, Honeſty is the beſt Policy, as the Man ſays; I am none of your little dirty Sluts, that can't lie with a Man but they muſt rob him.—How long Mrs. *Diver*'s Account of her Honeſty might have continued I know not, had ſhe not been interrupted, by a Noiſe behind; for *Stop'em* having a Defluction in one of his Eyes, had borrowed a Gentleman's Handkerchief to dry up the Diſtillation, and had (perhaps by Miſtake) delivered it to a wrong Perſon.

The

The Gentleman had complained to one of the Turnkeys, who was taking *Stop'em* to taſk, who made uſe of ſeveral horrid Imprecations that he was innocent; but theſe not ſatisfying the Gentleman, he declared upon his Honour he knew nothing at all of the Matter; it was, he believed, the little black Fellow who ſtood by him; that it was a horrid Shame a Gentleman could not come to ſee his Friends without having his Pocket pick'd, but that if it was in the Goal he ſhould have it again; and going out, brought the Gentleman the Handkerchief immediately. You ſee, Sir, ſaid he, there is Honeſty even in *Newgate*. No doubt, ſaid the Gentleman; I hope there are many within theſe Walls who are not guilty of the Crimes with which they are charged; thoſe that are, I hope, by proper Exhortations, to bring back to a Senſe of their Duty. Reverend Sir, ſaid *Stop'em*, how happy am I, who have an Opportunity of unboſoming myſelf to you! I am afraid I have been a long Time in an Error;

for

for ſome Years ago, when I entered into the Army, from a Proſpect of riſing in the Service, I was weak enough to renounce my Faith, and am deſirous of returning into the Pale of the Church. I know your holy Office, and ſhould be glad to fit myſelf for a Change, even before I am caſt, which I am afraid I ſhall be. I would not put off Repentance to the laſt, I may as well begin now. Perſevere in your Reſolution, ſaid the Gentleman, and doubt not a Remiſmiſſion of your Sins; the Church receives you, and takes you again under her holy Protection. What Church? ſays *Buckhorſe*. The Holy Catholick Church, replied *Stop'em*. Here's a pretty Fellow! cries *Buckhorſe*, talks of Religion before he's condemned, and turns Papiſt too! A fooliſh Dog! I'd be d—d before I'd change my Religion; none of your Maſs for me. Sir, ſays the Gentleman (who was a Roman Catholick Prieſt, as the Reader has by this Time no doubt diſcovered) you are raſh in your Expreſſions.

Are

Are you thoroughly ſenſible of your dangerous Situation? 'Tis impoſſible to find Mercy in a State of Hereſy; I would adviſe you, for the Sake of your poor Soul, to renounce your Errors.—God is gracious, and will, no doubt, provided you embrace our Holy Faith, take you into his Mercy; but if you continue in a State of Hereſy, I am ſorry to ſay it, you muſt inevitably be damn'd. Why, ſays *Buckhorſe*, that muſt be a Miſtake; for though I am a Church of *England* Man, I never was eternally damn'd in my Life; it's the Papiſts that are eternally damn'd every Time they go to Maſs; and *Tom Smallwood*, nor *Broughton*, nor *Slack*, are none of them Papiſhes: There is none that I know of but *Pat Henly*, and he never could fight in his Life. My dear Friend, ſaid the Gentleman, Valour is a Quality of the Mind, not at all eſſential to Salvation; I am ſorry the Divines of your Church are ſo remiſs in their Duty, or rather indeed I ought to thank God

that

that permits the Miſt to remain before your Eyes.—None of your Fun, Doctor, ſays *Buckhorſe*; though I have but one Eye, I can ſee as well as you can with your two; and I ſee no Miſt, not I, nor Fog neither. 'Tis the Mind that is darkned, ſays the Doctor, by the Miſts I mean, which hinders your Reaſon from ſeeing the Light of Truth. As to Truth and Reaſon, reply'd *Buckhorſe*, I don't know what you mean; and what ſignifies talking more about the Matter? you are of one Religion, and I of another; you have the Advantage of me at talking, but I'll do the fair Thing with you; I'll toſs up Heads or Tails, whether I ſhall be of your's, or you of mine. I ſhould be ſorry, ſaid the Doctor, to put my Religion to ſo hazardous a Tryal; but if you will hear my Reaſons, I ſhall patiently hear all you can ſay.—One of the Runners coming in at that Inſtant put an End to the Controverſy, by informing the Company that poor *Jemmy*

Diver

Diver was caſt. At the Name, Mrs. *Diver* fell into a Swoon; for this *James* was neither more or leſs than her Huſband, who had—But before we enter into his Hiſtory, let us, if poſſible, account for the Motives that induced Mr. *Stop'em* to return the Gentleman his Handkerchief. I know it has been aſſerted, that as ſoon as the former perceived the latter was a Clergyman of the Church of *Rome*, and conſequently intruſted with the Keys of Heaven, than Fear took poſſeſſion of his Breaſt, and cauſed that Reſtitution which I ſuppoſe has ſurprized the Reader; but as Mr. *Stop'em*, like moſt Heroes of his Claſs, was more afraid of hanging than Damnation, we may, I think, with a greater Degree of Probality, aſſign another Reaſon for this extraordinary Conduct. Let us then ſuppoſe, as it was natural enough, the Gentleman, had upon miſſing his Handkerchief, clapt his Hand to his Fob, to feel for his Watch; this might be Information ſufficient for a Man of *Stop'em*'s Penetration, who rightly

rightly judged, that if the one was not returned, it would be impoſſible to come at the other. What confirms me in this Opinion, is the plauſible Story he told the Gentleman about his Religion, when it is notoriouſly known, that though he was a Fellow taken from the Dregs of the People, he had no more than if he had been a Lord. There is another Reaſon, which with ſome People may have Weight; and that is, the Circumſtance of the Gentleman's miſſing his Watch immediately after.

Having thus ſettled, or rather given our Opinion, as well as that of others, we muſt lead our Reader to a Scene of Woe; for Mrs. *Diver*, accompanied by her Friend *Buckhorſe* and the Drayman, were gone to ſee poor *Jemmy*, the tender Huſband of the one, and almoſt inſeparable Friend of the other; but as we can by no Means deſcribe the tender Scene, the Reader's Imagination muſt ſupply that

Defect.

Defect. Let it ſuffice, they took up ſo much time in adminiſtring Comfort by good Advice, and good Brandy, that they quite forgot the Buſineſs upon which they came; for poor *Rachael* being call'd to her Tryal, ſome other little Things appearing againſt her, ſhe, for want of their friendly Aſſiſtance, was caſt for Tranſportation.

To account a little for *Diver* being under ſuch Circumſtances, and his Wife and Friend unacquainted with them, but from the Turnkey as above related, it will be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that he was a Man of Pleaſure, and frequented the beſt Company, having been introduced to many by his Friend *Buckhorſe*:

At the laſt *Newmarket* meeting it was his Misfortune to be ſtript at the gaming Table, by Sharpers of ſuch ſuperior Quality that he had no Remedy left but Patience;

Patience; for they, having the Law on their Side, can rob with Impunity. This *Diver* ſadly experienced; for not having read *Coke* upon *Littleton*, and other great Authors who treat of theſe Things, he did not know that a loaded Piſtol was a greater Crime in the Eye of the Law than a loaded Die; and raſhly ventured at the former Game with a Farmer, in a narrow Lane, very convenient for this faſhionable Amuſement; of whom he won four Guineas and a Watch; and notwithſtanding he made Uſe of the ſtrong Plea of Neeeſſity, that he was a Gentleman of a good Family, but a younger Brother, that he loſt all his Money at the gaming Tables; notwithſtanding all this, I ſay, the Farmer had the Cruelty to call it a Robbery, and raiſe the Country. There is no fighting againſt Numbers; poor *Diver*, invironed on every Side, was obliged to ſubmit; and was by the Victors conveyed to *Cambridge* Gaol, and by *Habeas Corpus* to *London* but the Night before, ſo had no

Time

Time to acquaint his Friends with his Misfortune.

Her Huſband condemned to die, her Friend to Tranſportation! Could any Thing add to Mrs. *Diver*'s Diſtreſs? Yes, Fortune, ingenious to torment her, ſent a young Perſon of her own Sex, who, the Moment ſhe entered the Preſs-Yard, threw her Arms about *Diver*, and hung upon his Neck: After ſhe had remained ſome Time in this Manner, and ſoon as her Tears would give her leave, ſhe broke ſilence, *Diver*, my dear unhappy Huſband, Oh!

This Gentlewoman was a great Admirer of Tragedy, and had often obſerved, that in the Lovers Lamentations on the Stage, nothing ſtruck the Audience ſo much as this emphatical Oh! Whether from this, or any other Cauſe, or whether from any Cauſe at all, I know not, but ſhe made frequent Uſe of it, and often

often repeated the Words, Oh my Huſband! My Huſband Oh!

Mrs. *Diver*, or if you pleaſe Mrs. *Diver* the firſt, had ſome time before fallen into ſomething like a Swoon, that is, being oppreſſed with Grief, and Gin, had reclined her Head on the Back of the Seat, and was fallen faſt aſleep; but by the frequent Repetition of the Words, Oh my Huſband! My Huſband Oh! Was rouzed from her Slumber.

If the Reader has ever ſeen *Roxana* and *Statira* upon the Stage, it will ſave me the Trouble of deſcribing this Scene, which would not have been eaſily compoſed without the Aſſiſtance of the Turnkey, who, perhaps, apprehending a Reſcue, ſoon appeaſed theſe Rival Queens, by threatning to lock them up. Indeed a Conſideration, which in their Hurry had occured to neither, was not a little conducive to their Reconciliation; and that was, that the Object of

their

their Diſpute would be hang'd in a few Days; who, like *Mackeath* in the Play, ſaid, he hoped that would put an End to their Diſputes. Whether their Caſh was all exhauſted, or whether they had forgot to pay the uſual Compliment to the Turnkey, I know not, but he inſiſted, in the Language of *Newgate*, on their turning out. They all promiſed *Diver* they would return again the next Day to ſee him, but eſpecially *Buckhorſe*, who deſired him to make himſelf eaſy, for d—n him if the Surgeons ſhould touch a Hair of his Head.

D CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Contains a Newgate *Scene. Smart Things ſaid, or thought to have been ſaid. Honeſty of a Pawnbroker. Execution of a Hero, and* Buckhorſe's *Behaviour on that Tragi-Comical Occaſion.*

BUSINESS of Conſequence, no leſs than the Races at *Epſom*, prevented *Buckhorſe* from ſeeing his Friend, as he had promiſed; and at his return, a Match at *Broughton*'s having taken up his Attention for about a Week more, he ſpent two or three Days in conſidering how he might ſerve him, and waited three or four more for the Return of Mr. *Mac'Thorax*, the Surgeon, out of the Country, to whom he reſolved to ſell his Friend's Body, having found there was no Poſſibility of ſaving him. He therefore agreed with him for 15*s.* and then went to *Newgate* to comfort the Afflicted, whom he

he found over a Pot of Hot, confeſſing his Sins to a Printer.

Having finiſhed the laſt Glaſs, *Diver* told Mr. *Type* (that was the Printer's Name) he could not go on without ſome more Liquor; his Spirits were low; and tipping him the Wink, made a Sign for the Printer to come and ſit on his Side the Box; for that Fellow, pointing to a Man who ſtood by him, he ſaid he knew to be a Publiſher of dying Speeches, who collected, from what he overheard upon theſe Occaſions, Matter enough to cheat the Publick. *Type* thanked him, ſhook him heartily by the Hand, and ſqueezing himſelf up in the Corner, they were not only out of hearing, but almoſt out of View; which ſerved *Diver*'s Purpoſe, as well as the Printer's; for his real Motive for alarming the latter was, a Chain and Seals he ſaw playing on his Thigh, and which he could not ſo well examine a-croſs the Table.

When they were thus placed, he continued confeſſing; ſaid he had been a very wicked Sinner to be ſure, though he had done no more than others had done before him. It was very hard a Man ſhould loſe his Life for two or three Guineas; he could not help it, he could die but once; a ſhort Life and a merry one; many had gone before, and many would come after; he did not value it, he would make himſelf eaſy; he would clear his Conſcience. At the Word Conſcience Mr. *Type* felt, or thought he felt, ſomething like a Twitch at the Chain of his Watch; but looking round, and ſeeing nobody near, continued writing.—Conſcience, you ſay, Mr. *Diver*; I think we were at Conſcience? Yes, ſays *Diver*, I was ſaying I would clear my Conſcience; and,—Sir, my Service to you, taking a Draught, and tipping the Wink upon *Buckhorſe*, conveyed *Type*'s Watch into his Hand.

This faithful Friend, underſtanding by *Diver*'s Sign, that Money was wanting, ſlipt out to a Pawnbroker's; who look'd at the Watch, and then at *Buckhorſe*; and judging from his Appearance, for he was in a Diſhabille, that ſomething might be made of it, he very prudently ſtopt it, and ſaid he would advertiſe it.

How happy is it for thee, O *Britain!* that, amidſt the almoſt univerſal Degeneracy of the Times, ſuch honeſt Men may yet be found. He then read his 'Prentice a Lecture on Morality; concluding, that Honeſty was the beſt Policy. He might, he ſaid, it was true, make an Advantage by lending Money on it, but he would not encourage Thieves; that a clear Conſcience was a valuable Jewel; that Money honeſtly got wore well; and then prepared an Advertiſement, in which he exactly deſcribed the Watch, except that for the Word faſhionable, he wrote old faſhioned; and in the Number there was another ſmall

Miſtake, that on the Watch being 571, which he wrote 371, and which indeed any other Man might have done; and ſo eager was he in bringing the Thief to Juſtice (for ſuch he ſuppoſed *Buckhorſe*) ſo eager was he, I ſay, in writing the Advertiſement, that he quite forgot to ſtop him. *Buckhorſe* took Advantage of this Neglect, and fairly took himſelf away. The 'Prentice indeed ſaw him move off, but not having received his Maſter's Commands, did not know he had a Right to obſtruct his March. The Maſter blamed the heedleſs Boy, and gave him a ſtrict Charge, if ever the Fellow came again to ſecure him.

Buckhorſe returned to *Newgate*, and whiſpered to his Friend, the Watch had been ſtop'd. *Diver*, who had employed the Time of his Friend's Abſence in drinking and confeſſing, received this News like a Philoſopher, and with great Compoſure continued ſpeaking to the Printer.

Printer. But of all the Facts I ever committed the laſt lies neareſt my Heart; for a few Days before Execution, whilſt I was relating my Adventures to Mr. *Type* the Printer. Eh! *Type!* ſays the Printer, ſtarting: yes, write down, That whilſt I was confeſſing to Mr. *Type*, the Devil, (who could have thought he had got within theſe Walls) put it in my Head to rob my Friend. Mr. *Diver*, ſays *Type*, with ſome ſurprize, is it—'Tis too true, interrupted *Diver*; write on Sir, I ſtole his Watch, am ſorry, and hope I ſhall be forgiven. The Printer clap'd his Hand to his Fob, and found he had been told nothing but Truth upon this Occaſion.

Mr. *Diver*, ſaid he, this is not acting like a Gentleman.—Every Man in his Profeſſion, interrupted *Diver*. I confeſs I had rather taken a Watch from any Body elſe; but Gamblers you know will cheat each other rather than ſtand idle;

in which Light, Mr. *Type*, you and I muſt appear to the World. You pick their Pockets within the Verge of the Law, and I a little without.—But upon the Brink of the Grave to ſteal! I own ſurprizes me not a little. Mr. *Diver*, anſwer me one ſerious Queſtion. What do you think muſt become of your Soul? Why that's true, Mr. *Type*; I had really forgot that; but I ſhall begin to repent preſently. *Type* muttered ſomething about Honeſty amongſt Thieves; Honour to one another; doing as we would be done by; and other grave Sentences, worthy to be recorded in a better Book; and concluded with ſaying, had it been a Silver one he ſhould not have minded it, but to loſe a Gold one.—At the Word Gold, *Diver* put on a ſevere Countenance, ſuch as a Lawyer would, on receiving a five Pounder in his Palm; or a Prebend on repeating the enchanting No, for a Biſhoprick; or a Lover, on hearing the more enchanting Yes, from his Miſtreſs;

or

or a Coroner, on the Diſcharge of a Piſtol in a great Man's Houſe; or a Common-Councilman, on an Invitation from the Alderman of his Ward to a Turtle Feaſt; or a Cobler to a Veniſon one; or ſome Officers at the Thoughts of War; or many more at the Thoughts of Peace; or a Widow at being rob'd of Sixty odd, and curſed with Twenty-five; or I, on being told by my Printer, that this is a ſmart String of Compariſons; or the Printer, on being preſs'd for a third Edition of them, or, or, or—Have Patience, Reader, till the next Edition, and I promiſe thee a String of them as long as a *Welchman*'s Genealogy, or a Chancery Suit.—All this might indeed have been expreſſed in very few Words, only by ſaying that *Diver* was extremely rejoiced at finding his Capture more valuable than he at firſt imagined; and taking the Printer by the Hand, Mr. *Type*, ſays he, I have a Value for you, or you ſhould never ſee the Tatler more, not if *Moſes*

Aaron lives in *Duke's Place*; but, as I ſay, I have a Regard for you, and for five Pieces you ſhall have it again; and that I would not deſire of you, I would not upon my Soul, Mr. *Type*, only that Things are low. I know you are a very honeſt Man, and very conſiderate, and know you would not have a Man hazard his poor Soul for leſs than five Pieces. Come, I'll make it worth your while, I'll be honeſt with you, and acquaint you with a hundred Robberies that I never intended to have mentioned to any Soul living. To be ſure, ſays *Buckhorſe*, *Bob* can tell you as many comical Things as the beſt of them. Well, ſays the Printer, I'll give you a Couple. Fie, ſays *Diver*, how can you be ſo hard? You know, if I had a Mind to be a Rogue, I need never return it. I defy the Law now, I am to be ſcrag'd, and they can do no more to me. At that Inſtant the Ordinary came in, to whom the Printer related the Affair. You are a hardened Dog, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Diver*, what

not

not return—You may be d—d, Mr. *Canter*, ſaid *Diver*, interrupting him, I'll return none, unleſs I touch the Cole. Where's your Conſcience, Doctor? Do you think a poor Man muſt venture his Soul for nothing? No, no, you had better leave it to me, Mr. *Type*: Truſt to my Honour; I ſhan't deceive you, upon the Word of a dying Man I ſhan't. Why, what do you take me for, Mr. *Type*, ſeeing him look a little ſhy? If I was badly inclined, I am ſure I have it in my Power to wrong you of a great deal more; but I ſcorn it; I would not do an unfair Thing by any Man: And to ſhew that I am in earneſt, ſhan't charge you a ſingle Farthing for this, returning him his Pocket Book, which he had taken whilſt *Type* was complaining to the Ordinary. I know, added he, there are many of our Profeſſion, who would have made an Advantage of ſuch a lucky Hit, for there may be Bank Notes in it for aught I know; but I am not covetous;

a ſmall Matter ſerves me. Indeed, had you been a Stranger—Come, ſays the Printer, ſtruck with this Act of Generoſity, here's the Money.

The Doctor and *Buckhorſe* were deputed to go to the Pawnbroker's; where the Ordinary, having aſſured him on his ſacred Word it was honeſtly come by, had it returned by Mr. *Cent per Cent*, tho' perhaps not without ſome reluctance, as he expected a Reward for ſtopping it. He had indeed prepared an Advertiſement, deſcribing it as before obſerved: A large Collection of which he has by him, and which he intends to publiſh in ten Volumes in Folio, two or three Days after the Day of Judgment.

When the Parſon and *Buckhorſe* returned to *Newgate*, they found *Diver* had juſt finiſhed his Confeſſion. The Watch being returned, and the Money paid according to Agreement, *Diver* propoſed, if they

they would ſmoke a ſerious Pipe, to treat the Company with a Crown Bowl of Punch. The Propoſal was no ſooner made, than accepted; the Glaſſes brought, and the Pipes fill'd; Wit was thrown up like a Shuttlecock by the Doctor, and ingeniouſly kept flying by the whole Company for about an Hour; but dropt (to keep up the Alluſion) for want of Punch, like a Paper Kite for want of Wind. The Ordinary perceiving the Bowl on the Stoop, bid *Diver* be of good Cheer, for he did not think it was impoſſible to obtain a Reprieve. It would indeed be attended with ſome Expence; the Clerks in Office expected to be touch'd upon theſe Occaſions; and I don't know, Mr. *Diver*, added he, I won't ſay, but I ſhrewdly ſuſpect ſome of the great ones have a Feeling. Why look ye, Sir, ſays *Diver*, though I matter ſcragging not of a Ruſh, yet no Man you know would Neglect the Means of ſaving his Life. I am young enough, and may have a good deal of Pleaſure yet.—If three or four—

why,

why, I believe, ſays the Doctor, five Guineas will go nigh to do the Jobb; and if it ſhould not, I don't care if I advance ſomething out of my own Pocket to ſerve a Friend. *Diver* gave him four Guineas, and proteſted upon his Honour he would not forget his Kindneſs; but obſerving the Doctor was going to fill another Pipe, ſaid he was afraid there was no time to be loſt, as they were to go out about nine o'Clock the next Morning. You may make yourſelf eaſy, ſays the Doctor, having firſt fill'd his Pipe, I have already ſtirred in the Affair. Mr. *Taſteit*, my Lord *Hummum*'s Butler, has promiſed to ſpeak to his Siſter to beg of his Lordſhip, in the Hour of Dalliance, to intreat the Miniſter to ſecond a Petition to the King: So that, my Friend, I think you may reſt ſatisfied; there is little danger of your hanging, at leaſt for this Time.

Buckhorſe,

Buckhorſe, during this Converſation, ſeemed a little uneaſy, as he had promiſed the Body of his Friend to Mr. *M'Thorax*, as has been above related; but told *Diver* his Concern aroſe from the Apprehenſion he lay under, that the Surgeons had hired a large Mob to carry off his Body. *Diver* thanked him for his Kindneſs, and call'd for t'other Bowl; and the Converſation became very enlivening, till the Turnkey came in, and ſaid it was Time to lock up. The Doctor intreated another half Hour for his Friend, as he was juſt then in the Marrow of his Pipe. To which the humane Turnkey conſented, upon *Diver*'s giving him five Shillings, and calling for t'other Bowl.

At parting, Mr. *Canter* aſſured *Diver* he might rely upon him, that nothing ſhould be wanting that could be of any Service to him; but told the Printer, when they adjourned to the Tavern, that

nothing

nothing could be done for the Fellow, he was a notorious Offender; he would not be ſeen in the Affair for any Conſideration.

Next Morning, going up to Chapel, the Ordinary aſſured *Diver* he had done every Thing in his Power, but was ſorry to tell him he had no Succeſs; the Miniſter having told him, Robberies were become ſo frequent, and ſo daring, that Examples muſt be made; and adviſed *Diver*, as there was no further Hope, to prepare in earneſt for Eternity. *Diver* ſwore it was very hard; but, as there was no Chance, he would repent; he would upon his Soul; he would defer it no longer.

Nothing extraordinary happened at *Tyburn*, only the Parſon having careleſly let the Tip of his Handkerchief appear, it was perceived by *Diver*, whilſt they were ſinging the Pſalm, who could not withſtand the Temptation. He took it,

then

then fervently applied to Devotion, and died in Charity with all Mankind; having firſt taken his leave of *Buckhorſe*, who deſired him to fear nothing, but be ſure to die Game, he would ſtick by him.

When he was cut down, *Buckhorſe* carried his Body to his inconſolable Wife, amdſt the Shouts of his triumphant Friends, who had defeated the oppoſite Mob.

When he was waſh'd, as a Chriſtian ought to be, *Buckhorſe* admitted the Curious to the Sight of him for a Half-penny a-piece. Thou haſt read, my good Reader, no doubt, of the Dame of *Epheſus*; juſt ſo mourn'd Mrs. *Diver* for the Loſs of her dear Huſband; but as *Buckhorſe* appeared more lovely now, from his gallant Behaviour at the Gallows, ſhe could not help tenderly reproaching him with Breach of Promiſe. What that Promiſe was, 'tis fit we ſhould

inform

inform the Reader, who, no doubt, remembers the Shock Mrs. *Diver* received on the unexpected Condemnation of her dear and beloved Huſband, when ſhe went along with *Buckhorſe* and the Drayman to viſit *Maria*. When ſhe had mourned a ſufficient Time, that is to ſay above half the Time before ſhe fell aſleep on the aforeſaid Viſit, ſhe began by Degrees to recover her former Serenity of Temper, as the Violence of her Grief abated; and having conſidered, that grieving for the Dead (for ſo ſhe looked upon *Diver* now to be) was in ſome ſort repining at the Decrees of Providence, ſhe reſolved to bear it like a Chriſtian.

The manly Beauties of *Buckhorſe* may, perhaps, have eſcaped the Notice of ſome Females of leſs Penetration than Mrs. *Diver*, who like a Man for being as handſome as themſelves. It was otherwiſe with her; ſhe judged by the Shell what the Kernel would prove, and fancied

there

there was ſomething about Mr. *Buck-horſe* would anſwer her Purpoſe extremely well. She laid hold of the Circumſtance of her Huſband being under Sentence of Death, and his Wife of Tranſportation, to break her Mind to him; which ſhe did that Night, as ſoon as they got home. He agreed to her Propoſal of Marriage, and the Time was fix'd for the next Morning before the Execution of the Priſoners; for Mrs. *Diver* conſidered her Huſband as defunct.

Buckhorſe, to ſhew her how much he had the Thing at Heart, ſtuck a Pin in his Sleeve by Way of Remembrancer; yet, notwithſtanding this Precaution, it intirely ſlipt his Memory, which was the Reaſon of Mrs. *Diver*'s reproaching him, as before obſerved. He ſaid he was very ſorry, but could not well accompany her to the *Savoy* that Day, becauſe he muſt look after the Body of his Friend; but beg'd of her to retire to her Chamber, and endeavour to compoſe herſelf. That

as ſoon as he had given the neceſſary Orders he would attend her, and endeavour all in his Power to comfort her. The Tears preventing her Reply, ſhe ſilently withdrew. *Buckhorſe* perform'd his Promiſe, and adminiſtred ſuch Conſolation, that in half an Hour they came down again; the Widow a good deal comforted, and *Buckhorſe* to perform his Promiſe to the Surgeon, who paid him the Money agreed on for the Body; and next Morning gave lawful Poſſeſſion of this lovely Woman to the enamoured *Buckhorſe*.

CHAP

CHAP. VI.

Second Marriage of Buckhorſe. *Viſits Squire* Blood. *Jaunt to* Richmond. *A Diſſertation on Hunting and Horſe-racing.*

MRS. *Buckhorſe*, ſo we muſt call her now, was a little paſt her Bloom, though ſhe had not reached her grand Chimacterick, in plain *Engliſh*, ſhe was in the Sixty-third Year of her Age. She had what the *French* call *un En-bon-Point* to a great Degree. Of the two ſhe was rather too plump, for ſhe meaſured two Yards round the Waiſt, which took off, or ſeemed to take off from her Height; for though it appeared not above twelve Inches from her Chin to her Apron-String, yet in Fact it meaſured Thirteen and a half. Her Mouth was not of that Size which will ſcarcely admit of a Walnut; ſhe had frequently,

when

when ſhe was ſomewhat younger, upon particular Occaſions, conceal'd a Watch, Chain, and Seals in it, and has eluded the ſtricteſt Search. Her Eyes, though a little too much ſunk in their Sockets, would have been eaſier ſeen, had it not been that her Brows hung rather too much over them, and form'd, as it were a Sort of Pent-Houſe. If the Noſe ſhort, and curling at the End, be eſteemed beautiful, her's was extremely ſo. However, though I will not call her a regular Beauty, ſhe was agreeable, at leaſt to *Buckhorſe*; who, beſides the Charms of her Perſon, found ſome in half a dozen Keggs of Juniper that lay ranged upon the Shelf.

After the Ceremony Mrs. *Buckhorſe* recollected her Spouſe had told her he was out of Linnen; ſhe therefore put her Hand in the Pocket, which was ſupported by her Belly, and out of that ſhe drew a Leathern Purſe; out of which Purſe ſhe took

took five Shillings, which ſhe preſented to the Bridegroom, to take his Shirt out of Pawn, and to buy ſuch little odd Matters as might make him appear decent when they received the Viſits of Congratulation upon their happy Marriage.

Buckhorſe was now poſſeſs'd of twenty Shillings, the greateſt Sum he had ever been Maſter of. He therefore went to *Rag-Fair*, and laid out the beſt Part of the Money in ſuch Apparel as he wanted. Thus equip'd, he waited on his Friend Squire *Blood*, who congratulated him on his Change of Circumſtances; and withal aſſured him, that whenever Occaſion offered he might command him to the utmoſt Extent of his Power; aſked him if he would ſurvey the Reps in the *Mall* for half an Hour, and from thence adjourn to *Broughton*'s to Dinner. *Buckhorſe* conſented, and Arm-in-Arm away they went.

Some

Some Authors would ſtick to him now, that he is in eaſy Circumſtances; but I, who hate Flattery and Diſſimulation, ſhall leave him in the Verge of the Court, and proceed to other Matters.

When they came to *Richmond*—To *Richmond!* What the Plague is the Fellow about? cries the indignant Reader. Who has he brought to *Richmond?* Here's Connexion! here's a Hiſtory with a Witneſs! We were told they were going to dine at *Broughton*'s, and here we are carried to *Richmond*, without any Preparation whatſoever. We ſhall be carried next perhaps to *Peru*, or *Japan*, by a ſingle Stroke of his Pen. This is to elevate and ſurprize, and all that, with a witneſs indeed.—Not ſo faſt, good Mr. Reader, one Moment's Patience would have informed thee, that Mr. *Blood* and Mr. *Buckhorſe* did actually dine there with Sir *Harry Buck*, Captain *Strut* of the Guards, Mr. *Cotton* a Warehouſe Man of *Lawrence-*

lane,

lane, and two other Gentlemen, at that Time to us unknown. We ſhould likewiſe have informed you, that the chief Topicks of Converſation were Drinking, Whoring, and Fighting. On the two former Subjects Squire *Blood*, Sir *Harry*, and the Captain expatiated largely. Mr. *Cotton*, *Broughton*, and *Buckhorſe*, treated chiefly of the latter. The other two Gentlemen ſpoke much about Religion and Trade, the great Benefits ariſing to *England* from both, the Encroachments of the *French*, and the Supineneſs of the *Dutch*; the enterprizing Genius of the *Pruſſian* Monarch, the Courage of *Charles* of *Sweden*, the Conduct of *Peter the Great* of *Ruſſia*, the Succeſs of *Thomas Kouli Kan*, and the miſterious Affair of Mrs. *Elizabeth Canning*; the Caſe of *M'Donald* the Thief-taker, regulating the Watch, of City Elections, and City Feaſts; of Bribery, and Damnation of Plays and Maſquerades; the Game

Act, the Marriage Act, and other important Subjects; which took up ſo much Time, that St. *Paul*'s Clock had ſix Times told the Citizens it was time to open their Shops; the Gardeners Wives at *Covent-Garden* had ſold their Wares, and the Ladies, Inhabitants of thoſe Regions, were retiring to Reſt; Journeymen were, (or ought to have been) going to work, and Chimney Sweepers had done their's. In a Word, it was Six o'Clock, when Sir *Harry*, waking from a very comfortable Nap, propoſed a Country Jaunt to ſpend the remainder of the Day, which was immediately agreed to by the whole Company.

The Caſtle at *Richmond* was pitch'd upon, where a very elegant Dinner was provided. The Cloth removed, and clean Glaſſes ſet; the King, the Church, and the—it was about the

beſt

beſt ſomething in *Chriſtendom*, which I forget, went round.

Mr. *Blood* being Toaſt-Maſter, directly filled a Bumper to *Fanny*. She's a charming Girl; I had her laſt Week at *Epſom*; and addreſſing one of the Gentlemen whom we call'd Strangers, but have ſince been informed is a Clergyman, Sir, ſays he, do you believe Tranſmigration? An odd Queſtion Sir, ſays the Clergyman. *Pythagoras*—Ay, he believed it, and ſo do I. *Pythagoras* was an honeſt Fellow, and underſtood Things. Now, Doctor, I'll give you this Girl's Hiſtory.—This is ſhe whom the Antients have feigned under the Name of *Venus*; but, aſhamed of her ſcandalous Amour with *Vulcan*, ſunk under Ground for about a thouſand Years; roſe again in the Form of *Helen*; but the Lord Mayor of *Troy* having threatned to proſecute her, ſhe hid her-

ſelf again for ſome hundred Years, and next animated a very fine Piece of Jewiſh Clay, called *Eſther*: In this Form ſhe ſwayed the *Perſian* Monarch's Sceptre many Years. Her next Stage was to *England*, where ſhe aſſumed the Name of *Roſamond*, and was the Soul of *Harry*'s Soul, till that old Brim Queen *Nell*, (the Devil confound her for it) in a Fit of Jealouſy, poiſoned the poor Girl. Being extremely happy in this Station, ſhe made what haſte ſhe could through the Bodies of a hundred Beaſts, Birds, and Fiſhes: We find her again under the Name of *Jane Shore*, in the Arms of our fourth *Edward*; then a Parrot, a Squirrel, a Greyhound, a Hind, a Butterfly, a Wagtail, a Sparrow, a Silk-worm, a Turtle-dove, with a long *Et cætera* of Bodies leſs agreeable, through which ſhe paſt.

The

The next Time ſhe re-viſited the Earth ſhe call'd herſelf *Sally Saliſbury*; but her Thread of Life ſnapping at Twenty-five, ſhe inſiſted Dame Nature had not given her fair Play. The good old Gentlewoman, to make her amends, ſifted a Parcel of the fineſt Clay about *Bath*, which ſhe moulded into the loveliеſt Form imaginable; and this is the precious Caſket that now contains the Soul of *Fanny Murray*.

Sir, ſays the Parſon, perceiving Mr. *Blood* had done, there is ſomething not unpleaſing to an inquiſitive Mind, in this Doctrine of *Pythagoras*. For my Part—D—n the Dog, ſays the Captain, interrupting, he has all dirty'd my Stockings, I'd kill him for a Farthing. You kiſs his — ſays Sir *Harry*. Why, what has he done? And looking under the Table, ſaw a Duck lying at his Feet, which *Rover* had juſt then kill'd in a Pond in the Yard, and

brought to his Maſter. Sir *Harry* took him up in his Arms, and embraced him with a great deal of Tenderneſs and Affection, calling him his dear *Rover*, his charming Fellow, the beſt Dog in *England* (to which he added, as we chuſe to be particular, a very emphatical) d—n me. Then ringing the Bell, ordered the Cook to be call'd up. Here, ſays he, Cook, dreſs me this Duck immediately; and, do you hear, let it be but half roaſted, then cut up, and ſtew'd in Claret; and, d'ye hear Waiter, lay a Side-Table.

So trifling an Incident as this ſhould not perhaps have found its Way in a Work of ſo ſerious a Nature, but that it was introductory to a Converſation perfectly agreeable to Men of Taſte and Genius.

Mr. *Blood* obſerved, that though Duck-hunting was in itſelf a mighty

ſilly

ſilly Diverſion; yet, as it was Hunting, he could not help approving of it. In this he was contradicted by the Captain, who with half a Dozen Dammee's, and as many Bloods and Wounds, ſaid it was a charming Diverſion, and went to ſleep very quietly. The Diverſion of Squirrel-hunting, and Pole-cat-hunting, had each its Advocates; and Bat-fowling, for the Humour of the Thing, was allowed to be a Sort of Hunt. *Buckhorſe* declared in favour of Rat-catching; but Sir *Harry*, with a Yo haw, my Hearts, and ſome other Hunting Phraſes, declared in Favour of Hare-hunting. An arch Wagg of the Company declared, there was nothing equal to Rabbit-hunting; but the Joke lay in his giving the Rabbit ſome other Name, which, it ſeems, borders upon Smut. Mr. *Cotton* ſaid, all they had mentioned was but School Boys Play to the noble Diverſion of Stag-hunting; it was an Exerciſe for a King,

though there was more Danger, he allowed, if a Man was bold enough to keep in with the Dogs; and added, that he never miſs'd my Lord's *Saturday* Hunt upon the Foreſt; that he was ſeldom thrown out;—but the boldeſt Rider he ever knew was Mr. Alderman *Caſk-in*. He had the Honour to be known to him, and had ſeen him take ſuch Leaps that would ſtartle a Man. He had the Favour of ſmoaking a Pipe with him now and then at the *Green Man*. He was a worthy honeſt Gentleman, and a good Companion; and ſo indeed is *Sam Ruſh*, his Friend. *Sam* keeps a Brace of good Things, but he's not the Thing himſelf, he's afraid of his Neck. —Fox-hunting would perhaps have wanted Praiſe, if the Parſon had not ſaid he thought it the moſt juſtifiable of any that had been mentioned; there was a Degree of Inhumanity in moſt others;

others; the Stag and Hare eſpecially were harmleſs inoffenſive Creatures; but the Fox was a noxious Animal, on whoſe Head our Laws had ſet a Price. How far juſtifiable a Man might be in depriving any Thing of Life, except for Neceſſity, he knew not; but if any Thing of this Kind was juſtifiable, it was certainly in the latter Caſe.

Buckhorſe ſaid, they might talk as much as they would about Hare-hunting, Stagg-hunting, and Fox-hunting; but of all the Hunts in the World give him Bull-hunting. How ſweetly the Bull roared when they Ham-ſtrung him! What Fun have I ſeen, ſays he, on a *Friday* in *Smithfield!* but the worſt on't is, it is not an eaſy Matter to make them mad. The Drivers, who are funny Dogs, and very good natured Fellows, are obliged to beat them about the Head and Ribs, and goad them in the Buttocks, before they can

make them mad, and fit to hunt. He then told the Company how he had ſeen an old Woman's Belly ript open; once a Man's Eye put out, and a Child killed on the Spot; with many other Pieces of Humour of the like Kind; but the higheſt Joke he had ever ſeen, was an Ox taking up an old Woman upon his Horns, and ran the whole Length of a Street; then he fell down a Cellar Stairs and received no Hurt, nor the old Woman neither, except a Leg and an Arm broke.

The Tranſition from Hunting to Horſe-racing is ſo natural, that I ſhall not apologize for introducing the following Account in this Place.

Sir *Harry* informed the Company, that his *Black Jack* had beat *True Blue* at *Winchester*, but was beat by *Sneaker* at *Saliſbury*, by the Roguery of *Will Whip'em* his Rider, who had certainly been

been touch'd; tho' *Sneaker* is a good Thing, to be ſure, that's what he is. He was bred out of Lord *Slender*'s Bay Mare *Catch me and Kiſs me*, by *George Gambler*'s Black Horſe *Cartouch*, who was got on the famous Roan Mare that won the Plates ſix Years ago at *Newmarket*, *Nottingham*, *Lewes*, *Guilford*, *York*, and *Canterbury*, by *Sampſon*, who was half Brother to the *Bay Barb*, brought over by *Muley Abdallah*, who was Sire to *Dungcart*, by the Rat-catcher's Mare, who came out of Major *Sportly's Silver Leggs*, by *Ned Thompſon*'s *Goliah*, who won at *Burford*, and *Black Hambleton*, when *Sam Jolly*'s Cheſnut Horſe ſlipt his Shoulder. It's my Opinion he would have beat *Goliah*. I loſt a Hundred on him; I'm an unlucky Dog. I had got the wrong Side the Poſt too at *Reading* this laſt Meeting. I back'd *Slouch*; he never was beat before. It's my Opinion, had I back'd any Thing elſe, he'd won.—

Horſe-racing is really a pretty Amuſement, ſaid the Parſon; Sir *Harry*, my Service to you. The *Olympick* Games —Here the Cook entered with the Duck, dreſs'd as Sir *Harry* had ordered, which the Company ſuppoſed had been got ready for ſome Gentleman he expected; but he whiſtled for *Rover*, and laid the Diſh before him, who fell too with a very good Appetite, and in a Trice had cleaned the Diſh, perhaps as well as the Maid would have done, and without the Inconvenience which attended the Captain's eating, or perhaps drinking, a little too much; for he had diſcharged his Stomach of a good Quantity of each. Squire *Blood* had had a Fall from his Chair, and hitting his Head againſt the Corner of a Table which ſtood in the Room, received a Cut which in a good Meaſure reſtored his loſt Senſes. *Buckhorſe*'s Fate was happier; for he fell in a very ſoft Place, pitching his Head plump

where

where the Captain had unloaded his Stomach. Mr. *Cotton* was faſt aſleep. The Parſon had, by a Walk up the Town, kept himſelf as a Clergyman ought to be, that is, he was perfectly ſober. Sir *Harry*, who had a good Head, and could carry off a Gallon with eaſe, kept up the Converſation with *Rover*, by hiding a Shilling in different Corners of the Room, and bidding him ſeek out, which his ſagacious Companion readily and chearfully obey'd; but having unluckily placed it in a Corner Cupboard, the Dog, who was no good Equilibriſt, jumping up to fetch it, down came the Cupboard with two Sets of my Landlady's fineſt China Cups and Sawcers, ſeveral Plates and Diſhes, with ſome fine Japan Figures and other Curioſities the Collection of forty Years.

The Noiſe brought up the Waiters, the Maſter of the Houſe, and laſtly,

mine

mine Hoſteſs herſelf; who looking on the Floor, and ſeeing the Remains of her once valuable Things, ſet up a Roar, not ſufficient indeed to awake the Dead, but enough to awake thoſe who were nearly ſo; for all the Gueſts in the Room rous'd up at the ſame Time: Some d—g the old Quean for diſturbing them, and others lamenting the Loſs of the China; Sir *Harry* ſtood alone unmoved. He was indeed ſo far from being angry, that he deſired the Landlady to bring up all ſhe had left, that the poor Dog might have his Fun out. She ſaid ſhe was glad to ſee his Honour ſo merry, but told him ſhe believed there was as much China in the Cupboard as had coſt her five Pounds. Sir *Harry* call'd a Bill, and ſatisfying the Landlady for her China, they all departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Matrimonial Storm prevented from riſing. Introduction, and a ſhort Character, of Mr. M'Rap. *Remarkable Speeches at the* Robinhood *Society.*

MRS. *Buckhorſe* had been very impatient at her Huſband's Abſence, and at his Return ſerved him up a Diſh of Matrimonial Sweets; conſiſting of, A fine Thing indeed! Go to your Whores already! Have I married a Boy to be neglected? The Devil may look after Shop for me. I won't be uſed at this Rate, I won't. I'll ſee you hanged firſt. Have I refuſed ſo many good Offers to be ſlighted ſo, and that by a little ugly—*Buckhorſe*, who from former Experience, had learned to lay theſe Storms, cut her ſhort, and told her he had ſomething to ſay to her in her own Chamber.

The

The natural Curioſity of her Sex made her deſirous to know what Excuſe he could offer for ſuch Treatment. She followed him up, not without ſome murmuring, that ſhe would not be uſed ſo, not ſhe truly.—He gave her however ſuch good Reaſons for his Abſence, that ſhe came down intirely pacified ; and to convince him ſhe was ſo, gave him a Dram of right *Holland*'s, and put a Shilling in his Hand to go to the Alehouſe.

It was at a Club at this Alehouſe that he became acquainted with Mr. *M'Rap*, a Gentleman of great Character, though not perhaps in the common Acceptation of the Word *Great*, for he condeſcended ſometimes to do Things which ſome great Men would call *Low* : For Inſtance, he viſited the Afflicted in *Newgate*, and other Priſons where Felons are confined;

fined ; and if any, in the Language of thoſe Places, was inclin'd to peach, he would aſſiſt him in drawing up his Information, and was very inſtrumental in bringing the Rogues ſo impeach'd to Juſtice : For if the Evidence was a little inconſiſtent, he would cook it up to the Palate of a Jury ; but as this Gentleman makes a Figure in our Hiſtory, or rather indeed has a Hiſtory of his own, we ſhall ſay no more of him in this Place. We ſhall only obſerve, in regard to *Buckhorſe*, that the Beer compleated what the Wine had begun and he grew princely drunk. He made ſhift to reel home, however, after a few Falls in the Kennel ; and clapping his Hands on each Side, aſked his Wife, how ſhe dared to diſpute his Authority ? An't I your Lord and Maſter ? You—calling her an ugly Name ; and my Name is *Buckhorſe*. Eh ! And what's the Matter I ſhan't get drunk when I pleaſe ? and keep a

Whore

Whore as well as Squire *Blood*? I will; I'll have two or three, if I pleaſe; and what have you to ſay to that?—Here's a Leſſon for ye, oh! ye Wives. Mrs. *Buckhorſe*, who was not the moſt paſſive Woman alive, yet ſaw her Intereſt ſo well as to ſuppreſs her Reſentment, reſerving to herſelf the ſweet Satisfaction of a Curtain Lecture in the Morning. And learn, ye Huſbands, from *Buckhorſe* to prevent thoſe riſing Storms, which ſeldom fail to blow a Hurricane; the dangerous Conſequence of which nothing can prevent, but ſteering the Matrimonial Rudder aright.

Buckhorſe's great Thirſt after Knowledge made him deſirous of embracing every Opportunity to improve his Mind: He therefore prevailed upon Mr. *Blood* to accompany him to the *Robinhood* Society; where, juſt as they entered, an ingenious young Gentle-

man

man ſtood up, and made the following Oration:

The Queſtion, I think, Mr. *Preſident*, ſtands thus:—Whether Religion has been of any Uſe to Society? Mr. *Preſident*, I own myſelf of the Negative Side of this Queſtion; for, though that, that that Gentleman there has ſaid carries ſome Weight, yet that there Gentleman at your right Hand has proved as how Religion, in the Time of the *Romans*, I mean the Conquerors of the World, at leaſt of three Parts of it; for *America*, Mr. *Preſident*, was not then diſcovered; it was not diſcovered till the Reign of our *Henry* the Seventh, the ſame who founded that ſtupenduous Building at *Weſtminſter*, in which our Kings are now intombed; after he had healed thoſe Wounds with which, for above a Century, our Country bled, by the Defeat of *Richard* at *Boſworth-Field*, whoſe Cruelties had

rendered

rendered him obnoxious to his People, the Particulars of which are finely related by *Rapin*, whoſe Hiſtory, I think, the moſt impartial of any ever written; who, though a Foreigner, ſpeaks very pertinently of the Affairs of *England*, and writes with great Judgment and Accuracy; which is the more remarkable, as he had little or no Education. Indeed we have had Men here, who had no more than they received at a common Grammar School, and yet made a Figure in Life. *Shakeſpeare* is a remarkable Inſtance of this; for, as Mr. *Rowe* very juſtly obſerves, who, by the way, was himſelf a very pretty Poet. Poetry, Mr. *Preſident*, has always been eſteemed. *Homer*, among the *Greeks*, Author of the *Iliad*, ſo finely tranſlated by Mr. *Pope*; I ſay *Homer*, Mr. *Preſident*, though he was blind—Indeed our *Milton* was ſo too; he that wrote *Paradiſe Loſt*, and was *Latin* Secretary to *Oliver Cromwell*, the

great

great *Cromwell*, who made all *Europe* tremble, and preſerved the Balance of Power even by joining the *French* againſt the *Spaniards*, who were then what the *Romans* and *Carthaginians* were of old; and *Carthage*, you know, Mr. *Preſident*, was built upon the Ruins of antient *Troy*; *Troy!* the Mother of ſo many great Men, who ſuſtained a Siege of ten Years againſt the united Force of *Greece*. Though *Namur* was taken by King *William* in, I think, as many Weeks, in ſight of a ſuperior Army of *French*; and we may, Mr. *Preſident*, without boaſting, affirm, the *French* were never able to face us in the Field with equal Numbers. *Marlborough*, the Great *Marlborough*, beat them in every Campaign; and would have marched to the Gates of *Paris*, had he not been prevented by the Miniſtry, who clap'd up a ſcandalous Peace, in order, it is ſuppoſed, to

introduce

introduce a Revolution in our Government; and Revolutions have been brought about by ſuch ſlender Means, that we are ſometimes tempted to diſbelieve Hiſtory. Our own *Wat Tyler*, and *Maſſianello*, the Fiſherman of *Naples*, are ſtrong Inſtances of this. And in our own Days the *Turkiſh* Empire was ſhaken by a private Janiſſary. To what a ſlender Cauſe *Thamas Kouli Kan* owed his Advancement to the *Perſian* Throne? and with what Rapidity did he not over-run the *Mogul*'s Dominions, who thought himſelf ſecure amidſt his Concubines?—The Cuſtom of Concubinage prevails very much in the *Eaſt*, as well as in *Turkey*. In the latter Place, indeed, they have a Crime of a blacker Dye, that for which *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* were deſtroyed. And I am ſorry to ſay Mr. *Preſident*, very ſorry, we have a City in the *Weſt*, in the Weſt of *England*, Sir, where this Crime.—'Tis a large

trading

trading City ; and Trade, you know, Sir, is the Soul of this Kingdom ; or, as *Shakeſpeare* prettily expreſſes himſelf, the Heart's Core. The Core, or Kernel, as one may ſay, the Kernel of a Nut for Inſtance: And many Inſtances may be brought of this, and other Things, to prove, beyond a Poſſibility of Contradiction, that whoever embarks in Affairs of ſo critical a Nature, muſt be liable, for want of underſtanding the Subject properly, which in no Manner interferes, or has the leaſt Connexion with Things which are in their Nature doubtful, and which the Antients, on a Subject of leſs Conſequence, have treated with ſo much Sublimity, as leaves not the leaſt Traces to the heated Imagination of thoſe ſacred Truths, for which the human Mind having explored the moſt intricate Mazes, and having ſearched in vain for ſo many Ages, I ſay for ſo many Ages ſearched in vain thoſe

Things

Things which are inſeparable, which are cemented, which are link'd as it were, by a Chain of Cauſes.—I fear my Time is up, or I ſhould be able to prove yet more clearly that Religion has been productive of more Evils than Benefits to Society.

Mr. *Preſident* having ordered the Tankards to be filled, addreſſed himſelf to Mr. *Buckhorſe*, and aſked if he choſe to ſpeak to the Queſtion. He ſtood up, having firſt removed the Quid from his Cheek into a Pocket he kept for that Purpoſe, drank Mr. *Preſident's* Health, gave a hem or two, and then began, and ſaid he thought the Gentleman had ſpoke nothing but the Truth; that it was clear, Religion had done more Harm than Good in the World, eſpecially on a *Sunday*; for the Churches were ſo crowded there was no ſuch Thing as getting a Seat; that there was no Poſſibility of getting Li-

quor,

quor, or a Whore, on that Day; that, amongſt the Nobility of his Acquaintance, there was no ſuch Thing as a Card to be ſeen on what was called the *Lord's-Day*; and no Converſation but about Religion, or ſome ſuch fooliſh Thing; that the Coffee-Houſes about the *Garden* were ſhut up, and the Girls at Prayers; and concluded with ſaying, that if the Parliament did not remove thoſe Grievances, he would go to ſome outlandiſh Country, amongſt the Papiſhes, where a Man might do as he pleaſed on a *Sunday*.

A Perſon ſpoke next, who, by his Accent, appeared to be a *North Briton*. He ſaid he was aſtoniſht that Gud had ſo much Patience wi-em, that he cud-ni blame him if he was to rain down Sulphur from the Heevens and deſtroy ſik a Neeſt of Varmin; that if they did not repent, and ſeek the Laird, Brimſtone muſt be a dear Commodity on

the laſt Day. That he had ſeen ſik Things in the Temple of *Baal*, during the Time of their idolatrous Worſhip, as made his very Hair ſtond an Eend; but if they would gang wi him tull the Kirk on the nixt Saabbath, and hear Gud Meſs *John*, he did not doubt they would aw be conveerted, and put into the right Paath to that holy Place ſet apart for the Faithful, where no bloody Paapiſt ever intered, but where the Laambs were bleeſt from Everlaſting to Everlaſting; when the Paapiſts ſhall hool in Heel, and aſk for Water to wet the Tips of their Tongues, as *Dives* did to *Laazarus*; but curſed be the Mon at giv um a Drop; let em een fry. Oh! what a Pleeſure, my dear Brethren, it will be to ſee the Pope, and all his Caardinals, broiling like Spraats upon the Deevil's Gridiron: Aarbiſhops and Biſhops will be pounded in a Mortar to make ſneezing for *Lucifer* and his Council: And aas for Jeeſuits,

Jeeſuits, and other ſic Trumpery, they will be laid in the Naaceſſary for Satan to wipe his A—e with.

The *North Britiſh* Gentleman, was anſwered by a Gentleman of *Ireland* in the following Manner :

Mr. *Preſhident*, that *Scotch* Fellow is after abuſing the *Roman* Catholicks ; and, the D—l fire me, if I had him in another Plaiſh, if I would not learn him better Manners.—As to Religion, I don't trouble my Head about it. I was bred and born a Gentleman, and ſo was my Father and Mother ; I'll leave Religion to the Clergy ; but for that Fellow, to ſay his Holineſs and the Cardinals will be after broiling upon the D—ls Gridiron, by J—s he's a Liar, and a Scoundrel. Sir, my Name is *Cavenagh*. Here is my Glove ; my Lodgings is at the Sign of the *Harp and Crown*, a Marchant's Shop in *Newtoner's-Lane*.—The *Pre-*

ſident, who ſaw a Storm ariſing, interpoſed, and pacified Mr. *Cavenagh*. Mr. *Preſident*, your Health, echo'd from differents Parts of the Room; and whilſt the Waiters went to fill the Tankards, and fetch more Tobacco, an antient *Briton* ſtood up and ſpoke as follows:

There is a creat teal of Prittle-prattle, look you, Mr. *Preſident*, about this ſame Reliſhion; and how comical it would be now if Cot Almighty tid not trouble his Head about theſe Matters; for it is my Thoughts, and my Opinions, look you, that Cot Almighty has more Senſe than to damn a Proteſtant, becauſe the Pope and the Tivil do deſire him to do ſo. And I ſhould be ancry myſelf, look you, if Cot Almighty ſhould par, or polt, or lock the Doors of Heaven againſt Catholicks, becauſe that Preſbyterian Jackanapes to deſire it. What toes he

make

make of Cot, to make him ploody-minded, and cruel, and revenchefull, and hard-hearted. Look you, it is to make him a Tivil, a Tivil incarnate. Py Cot, I will powder his Pate with my Oaken Plant. Look you, that will take away Cot Almighty's Character: What, pecauſe he is Stranger in the Courts of Juſtice, you think he will ket no pody to take his Part. Yes, I will take his Part, and will ſuffer nopody to ſpeak ill of him pehind his Pack. I will ſay no more, look you, put — here he ſhook his Cudgel, and ſat down.

The *Scotch* Gentleman would have reply'd, but was told it was not his Turn to ſpeak; ſo whiſpered Mr. *Blood*, who ſat next to him, it was a Shaame that ſik Wretches ſhould profane Gud's Holy Name. How can he ſuffer ſik an obominable Mon to ſpaak? I wonder he does not

ſtreek him doon into the loweſt Pit of Heell. For my Part, if I could be guilty of ſo much Weekedneſs, I ſhould pray the Laird to pouniſh me with everlaſting Damnation.

An elderly Perſon ſpoke next.—Sir, the Gentleman who ſpoke firſt to this Queſtion has entertained his Audience with a very florid Harangue, and has taken what he calls the Negative Side of the Queſtion; and proves the Inconveniency ariſing to Society, from the Practice of Religion, by informing us that the *Romans* conquered all the then known World; that *America* was diſcovered in the Reign of *Henry* the Seventh; that he built a Chapel at *Weſtminſter*; that he beat *Richard* at *Boſworth*; then gives us an Encomium on *Rapin* and *Shakeſpeare*; ſpeaks of the Beauties of Poetry, introduces *Homer*, *Pope*, *Milton*, *Cromwell*,

well, and the Balance of Power; *France*, *Spain*, *Carthage*, *Rome*, and *Troy*; then brings us back to *Flanders*; takes *Namur*; and marches to *Paris*; back again to *England*, to *Naples*, *Turky*, *Perſia* and *India*; lays waſte *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; introduces Sodomy into the *Weſt* of *England*; then Trade; garniſhes his Diſcourſe with a great many pretty Flowers of Rhetorick; and, by a whip'd Sillibub of Words, proves the many Miſchiefs ariſing to the Community from the pernicious Practice of Religion.

Of the next Gentleman, I ſhall only obſerve, that if he puts his Threat in Execution, and retires to another Country, free thinking will in this loſe one of its greateſt Ornaments.

The third very modeſtly takes the Power out of the Hands of the Al-

mighty, and charitably ſends thoſe who differ from him in Matters of Faith to endleſs Torments.

The next Perſon tells you he is a Gentleman and conſequently has no Religion; but as much a Gentleman as he pretends to be, I can't help ſuſpecting that he has ſome Religion by the decent Warmth he diſcovered at another Gentleman's intemperate Zeal, in conſigning the Pope and his Conclave to the Devil.

With a remarkable Decency of Expreſſion, the laſt Gentleman vindicates the Almighty; but threatens him with his Diſpleaſure, if he preſumes to puniſh Mankind for any Errors in their religious Conduct.

To the Queſtion itſelf, Mr. *Preſident*, I have this to ſay:—That it has a cruel and wicked Tendency, as it

can

can ſerve no other Purpoſe than to unhinge the Minds of thoſe already ſettled, by creating Doubts, which, if cleared up, could be of no manner of Advantage to them. On the one hand, ſee a Mind at perfect eaſe, from the Conſciouſneſs of doing its Duty, cheared with a pleaſing Hope of a glorious inconceivable Something; on the other hand, the Proſpect dark and cloudy, Doubts and Fears torturing the Mind alternately, and their only Hope Annihilation: But, abſtracted from any Conſideration of future Rewards, it links the Chain of Friendſhip, teaches us to ſubdue our Paſſions, correct our Intemperances, and to aſſiſt the Needy; it preſerves Order and Decency amongſt Men: In a word, it enforces the Practice of all the moral and ſocial Virtues, without which, the World would run into Confuſion and Diſorder; all Motives to the reciprocal Ties of Friendſhip and Humanity muſt

ceaſe; no Incentives to great and good Actions, when the Proſpect of Reward is taken away; and he who ſtrikes at Religion, ſtrikes at the Baſis of our Happineſs in this World, and perhaps the next.

Buckhorſe was ſo ſenſibly affected by this ſhort Speech, that he reſolved to go regularly to Church for the future; but having a very bad Memory, he forgot his Reſolution before Morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Journey into Wales. *New Characters introduced.* Buckhorſe *falls in Love. Remarkable Delicacy on that Occaſion. Arrival at* Speenham-land.

MR. *Blood* had ſome time before acquainted *Buckhorſe* with his Intention of going down to *Wales*, to make Intereſt for a Friend of his who ſtood Candidate for a ſmall Borough, and had perſuaded him to accompany him down; all Things were got ready, and *Buckhorſe* took a tender Farewell of his Spouſe. Mr. *Blood* was a very good Charioteer, and was allowed ſo by the Hackney Coachmen of *London*, as well as the Stage Coachmen. Theſe latter indeed found their Account in praiſing him, for he generally treated them with a Pot of Beer, or a Dram; which, if ever he happened to forget,

as

as was ſeldom the Caſe, they were ſure to remind him of, when they happened to ſtop at an Inn together, by ſaying to each other, in his Hearing, the beſt Gentleman Driver in *England*, my Boy; he drives to a Hair; Squire *Clark*'s but a Fool to him; my Lord *Solbury* himſelf does not do the Thing ſo well. Upon which the Squire would condeſcend to take them by the Hand, with a, well, how dos't do, *Jack*, *Tom*, or *Harry?* How doſt do my Boy? How do thy Cattle perform? Here, Waiter, bring *Tom Stage* a Glaſs of Brandy, or whatever he chuſes. Now, Reader, I muſt own I have played the Author on thee, by introducing this Piece of Mr. *Blood*'s Character in this Place; it was to repair an Overſight of mine; for I had forgot to tell thee that Mr. *Blood* had ordered his Taylor to make a Suit of Cloaths for *Buckhorſe* the Day before, and Mr. *Stitch* not having brought them ſo ſoon as he promiſed,

the

the Chaiſe was ready at the Door an Hour before they came, which was the Reaſon I introduced this Story of a Cock and a Bull, which might, perhaps with equal Propriety, have been inſerted in the Hiſtory of *England*, or the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*.

When they came to *Hounſlow* they called for a Bottle of Hock, by Way of Whet; but before we proceed let us muſter our Troop. There was Squire *Blood* and Squire *Buckhorſe* (ſuch he is for this Journey, having obtained our Letters Patent for that Purpoſe.) There is, I ſay, Squire *Blood*, Squire *Buckhorſe*, my good Reader, and I, beſides *Sancho* the Pointer, and *James* the Footman. We ſhall travel ten or a dozen Miles in ſaying very little, or very much to very little Purpoſe. A Story was told in the Chaiſe, by Way of Secret, which we ſhall not for that Reaſon divulge; beginning with *Sally Tickell*,

Tickell, and ending with *Mac'Thorax* the Surgeon.

The *Caſtle* at *Salt-hill* now preſents itſelf to our View; one of the beſt and pleaſanteſt Inns in *England*; ſo famous for its Madeira, that Squire *Blood* always ſtopt there for a Whet. Mr. *Sedgely* was glad to ſee his Honour, hoped his Lady was well.—Which of them? ſays the Squire, I have got a Dozen you old Dog. Ha, always a Wagg, ſays *Sedgely*, forcing a Grin; the beſt Madeira in *England!* Your Honour—And whilſt they are employed in drinking, let thee and I, Reader, take a Walk in the Garden, where I will ſhew thee what thou haſt never ſeen, if thou haſt never ſeen *Windſor Caſtle*, the beſt Proſpect of which we have, I think, from this Spot. Something obſervable in this Garden, I think, we ought to mention; that though it belongs to an Inn, and every

Gueſt

Gueſt is admitted into it, yet in the Seaſon 'tis always full of Fruit, and always in good Order.

When they came in ſight of the *Orkney-Arms* at *Maidenhead-Bridge*, the Squire would have given honeſt *March* the Slip; but *Tom* was not to be ſerved ſo; he kept a ſharp Look-out; and knowing the Horſes, ran up to the Chair; hoped his Honour was well; he had not ſeen his Honour a long Time; hoped he had not offended his Honour; and then informed him there was good Sport expected at *Burford*; he ſuppoſed his Honour was going there; Sir *Harry Buck* was but juſt ſet out. Mr. *Blood* told him, no; he was going a Borough-hunting. I am going, added he, to ſerve *Ned Courtly*. He ſets up, you know *Ned*, he drives the little Bays. Yes I know his Honour, ſays *Tom*. What, ſhan't us drink a Glaſs to his Honour's Succeſs? the

the Champain is in ſpecial Order. Mr. *Blood* ordered a Bottle, which was immediately brought, and ſoon emptied by frequent Wiſhes of Succeſs to Mr. *Courtly*. A ſecond was called, which ſeemed to be a Signal to Squire *Buckhorſe*'s Stomach, for it that Inſtant complained of want of Food; in compliance to which, he made a Tour in the Kitchen. During his Abſence, Squire *Blood* and mine Hoſt ran through all the Topicks of Hunting, Horſe-racing, Driving, Cricket, Boxing, State-affairs, and Bawdy; till at laſt, by an eaſy Tranſition, the Converſation ſlipt upon Religion. Mr. *Blood* informed *March*, with a ſorrowful Countenance, that there was another *German* Prince turned Papiſt, and d—n me if I an't much afraid the Humour will go round. Then drinking the Month of *March*, (alluding to *Tom*'s Name, and a certain waggiſh Toaſt given by ſome female Romps) he burſt into

into a loud Laugh. What Religion are you of, *Tom?* As to me, Sir, ſays the Landlord, do you ſee that Church yonder? I do, ſays the Squire; then ſo ſure, Sir, ſays the other, as the Commanding Officer of that Garriſon is called Vicar of *Bray*, ſo ſure, like his Predeceſſor, your humble Servant *Tom March*, of the *Orkney-Arms* at *Maidenhead-Bridge*, is of every Gentleman's Taſte, Party, and Religion; keeps clean Beds, handſome Chamber-maids, the beſt Wine in *England*, and a hearty Wellcome. Sir, my Service to you: well, how doſt do? ſhaking the Squire by the Hand; pretty hearty? and, without waiting for a Reply, added, that's well.

Buckhorſe, who had ſweetned the Cook with a Glaſs of Wine, obtained leave to make a Sop in the Pan, which he aſſured Mr. *Blood* was infinitely better

better than a Beefſtake, becauſe one had all the Juices of the Meat; and now he had ſtaid his Stomach, he did not care, he ſaid, if he waited an Hour or two for his Dinner; for which having agreed to ſtay, by the Perſuaſion of our Friend *March*, Squire *Blood* drove into the Yard; and alighting, began to ſtroke his Horſes; the prettieſt Pair of Tits this Day in *England*, by G—d! I'll drive 'em againſt any Thing of their Inches for a cool Hundred; I ſay done firſt. Squire *Clark*'s Dunn's would beat you, ſays *Buckhorſe*, quite hollow. *Will Clark*'s are not the Things, replied the Squire; I'll give him a Mile in ten, and beat his A—e off.

The Arrival of a Coach and four broke off the Converſation. It was a returned Coach going for *Bath*, the Company of which had agreed to dine

at

at this Place. The Paſſengers were, an elderly Man, a Woman about the ſame Age, a young Gentleman who was a Merchant at *Briſtol*, and a young Milliner going down to the Fair. When the Company alighted out of the Coach, Mr. *Blood* ran up to the Merchant, My dear *Gibbons*, ſaid he, how do you do? What! in *London*, and not call to ſee an old Friend; that's unkind. The Merchant excuſed himſelf on Account of Buſineſs; Compliments and Reproaches paſt, the Converſation became general, and the two Companies agreed to dine together. They made but a ſhort Meal, and ſet out, Squire *Blood* driving gently, except when a Gentleman's Coach, or ſome ſuch Carriage appeared in View; then, indeed, he would give a Smack, with a, Gee ho, my Hearts, and dart like Lightning; then ſlacken his Pace; and ſo alternately, before and behind,

till

till he had ſeen all the Faces in the Carriage, and been ſeen by all.

It chanced, that in a narrow Part of the Road near *Twiford*, having unfortunately heard a Gentleman's Servant ſay to another, thoſe were a charming Pair of Horſes of Squire *Blood*'s, he that Inſtant applied the Whip, and the Gee ho, in order to get before a Gentleman's Coach; and croſſing a Rut for that Purpoſe, overſet his Machine, and both he and *Buckhorſe* tumbled into a Ditch; and as there had been a deal of Rain the preceding Night, were both very wet.

The Gentleman's Servant, who had been the innocent Occaſion of this Misfortune, aſſiſted, and helped them out. The Gentleman in the Coach hoped they were not hurt; and being told they were not, complimented them on their lucky Eſcape; and a Lady,

who

who was likewiſe in the Coach, expreſſed great Satisfaction at their receiving no Damage.

Buckhorſe approached the Coach to return their Compliments, but ſtood motionleſs, and without the Power of uttering a Word; ſtruck dumb with Surprize at the young Lady's Beauty; and ſo, perhaps, might you, Mr. Reader, if you were not born under the Frigid Zone; for ſhe was above all Deſcription; not *Venus*, not *Helen*, not all the Beauties of *Hampton-Court* and *Windſor*, not even the lovely Siſters, were comparable to this young Creature; new Words muſt be formed to raiſe thy Ideas of this charming Mortal; and even then, on ſeeing her, thy Heart would confeſs thy Imagination faint. She was about Nineteen, above the middling Size, yet not of the talleſt; her Hair was of a light auburn, but ſeemed darker from the Whiteneſs

Whiteneſs of her Skin; her Eyes blue, but had all the Meaning and Brilliancy of the Black; Vermillion is Saffron Colour to her Cheeks and Lips; her Mouth was—what I wan't Words to deſcribe; and Rows of Orient Pearl bore but a faint Reſemblance of her Teeth. With this young Lady then *Buckhorſe* took it in his Head to fall in Love; and accoſting her with a Delicacy peculiar to himſelf, preſented her a Pennyworth of Gingerbread; ſaid he was ſorry there was no more, but aſſured her it was good, having the Night before bought it of *Tiddy-doll*. The Lady not being, perhaps, accuſtomed to receive Preſents of this Kind, would have refuſed it, had not the Gentleman, with a good natured Smile, preſſed her Acceptance of it. She bow'd, and received this Token of Squire *Buckhorſe*'s Love. The enamoured Swain told her, in the moſt polite Terms he

was

was Maſter of, he ſhould be glad to treat her with a Glaſs of Wine at the next Inn they came to; that he meant nothing but what was honourable; that he would marry her as ſoon as ſhe thought proper; and aſſured her he loved her ſincerely.

It may be wondered how *Buckhorſe* ſhould talk of Marriage to this young Lady, as the Reader knows his Engagements to Mrs. *Buckhorſe*, and the ſevere Laws againſt Bigamy; but the Truth is, all this had ſlipt his Memory: Beſides, the Charms of this Lady would have made a Breach of Faith ſcarce a Crime in a Man with a better one than *Buckhorſe*; and whoever has been in his Caſe, muſt confeſs the Truth of this Obſervation.

Squire *Blood*, who had been buſied in ſetting his Tackle to rights, had, by this Time, joined the Company, and returned

returned thanks to the Lady and Gentleman for their Pity and Aſſiſtance. The Gentleman told them he was ſorry he could not have the further Pleaſure of their Company that Night, for that he was obliged to be at Home; that his Seat was not above twenty Miles off, and ſhould be glad if they would favour him with their Company the next Day; and giving them a Direction, drove off.

It may be aſked, why the Company in the other Coach did not lend their Aſſiſtance, but they were ſome Miles a Head; nor did the Squire's overtake them till they were going into the Yard of the *King's-Arms* at *Speenham-land*.

Squire *Blood*'s Bay Horſes introduced the Company into one of the beſt Rooms of the Houſe; that is to ſay, they were the Occaſion of their being

being ſo introduced; for a Stage-Coach recommends to no more than a a middling Parlour.

The Sagacity of Dogs and Horſes has been often remarked to exceed that of other Animals; but this is a Miſtake, the Landlord of an Inn, eſpecially on this Road, exceeds that of either, for he diſcovers at firſt Sight, that People who travel in a Stage-Coach have none of their own; and, if they have no Servants attending, wiſely concludes they keep none. A young Lady, freſh and handſome, in company with an old infirm Gentleman, he judges going down for Health, or an Heir. A Gentleman gayly dreſſed, with broad Shoulders, thick Legs, and high Cheek Bones, and a rough black Beard, he looks upon to be an *Iriſhman*, going down for the Benefit—not of the Waters, but of ſome young Lady, married to a Gentleman of great Age, and

great Fortune. A tall thin meagre Lady, of a pale Complexion, alone in her Chariot, he judges in Queſt of ſome ſuch Gentleman as the laſt mentioned. A young Officer of a ſound Conſtitution, he concludes going to ſerve his King and Country, after the Manner of Squire *Plume* in the Play. Old People, troubled with Gout, Aſthma, or other ſmall Diſorder of that Kind, he looks upon as going to —die there. To theſe therefore he generally omits the Ceremony of your Honour, or your Ladyſhip, wiſely concluding, as they are under (to ſpeak in the Language of *Newgate*) Orders for Execution, and preparing for another World, they can be of little Service to him in this. And from this Sort of Prudence we may account for his Civilities to the two Squires in the Chaiſe, the young Merchant and the Milliner; and the Neglect of them to the old

Gentleman

Gentleman and Lady, who were neither honoured nor Ladyſhip'd; a plain Sir and Madam being all the Titles they could obtain. Whether diſguſted at this, or to ſave Expences, I know not, but the old Gentleman pretended an Indiſpoſition, and ſaid he would retire to his own Chamber for an Hour or two, and wait on them again. He did indeed retire, not into his own Room though, as he had ſaid, but into the Kitchen; where, having called for a Pint of Porter, he pulled out his Tobacco Box and filled his Pipe. He ſat in a Corner by the Fire very contented for ſome Time, till the Cook coming to lay down a Couple of Ducks for the Company's Supper, beg'd leave to come by. She ſaid it was very hard that Servants muſt be interrupted in their Buſineſs by Gentlefolks coming into the Kitchen; ſhe could not ſtir; there were other Rooms; the Kitchen was deſigned for Servants. Gentle-

folks! ſays *Betty* the Chàmbermaid; ſurely I han't been in ſo many Places but I know Gentlefolks when I ſee them. Ay, ay, they are eaſily known, replied the Cook; I warrant Squire *Toper*, nor Squire *Bumper*, nor Captain *Killum*, nor the Parſon, don't come into the Kitchen to drink Beer; Maſter gets much by ſuch Cuſtomers; it will never pay Houſe Rent, and Fire and Candles, nor Servants Wages. A Man can't pay a Hundred and fifty Pounds a Year, ſtanding Rent, by ſelling of Beer: For my Part, I ſhould ſcorn, were I one of your Gentlefolks, to call for any Thing leſs than Wine or Punch. I, indeed, muſt be ſatisfied with Beer, unleſs when a Gentleman now and then treats me with a Glaſs of Wine. You know, *Bet*, ours is very hot Work, and I think Gentlefolks ſhould conſider that. Ay, ſays *Bet*, but your old *London* Curmudgeons don't conſider it, they are too cloſe fiſted,

fiſted, when perhaps their Wives are ſpending many a Pound upon ſome young Fellow at Home. I remember when I lived at the *Shakeſpeare* at *London*, many a one of them has come in muffled, for Fear of being known, and has called for Rack and Jellies, and ordered no Body ſhould come in till they rung the Bell. Pretty Doings truly! And what was all this for, think you? And, after ſtaying two or three Hours, have called for Chairs; and our *Harry* has many a Time dog'd them to a Bagnio, whilſt the old Cuckold was perhaps ſmoaking his Pipe over a Tankard of Beer in ſome blind Alehouſe. Ay, o' my Conſcience, 'tis fit they ſhould be ſerved ſo, ſays the Cook, taking off a Kettle of Water from the Fire, which ſhe let fall, (whether by accident, or not, I can't tell) upon the old Gentleman's Legs. He who had ſat, and patiently

heard all they had to ſay, could not ſo patiently bear the Water; but ringing the Bell as loud as he could, drew all the Waiters into the Kitchen; yet he ſtill kept ringing till the Maſter came in, to whom he thus addreſs'd himſelf: Sir, from the Appearance of your Houſe, I ſhould expect civil Treatment; I have been in Trade myſelf, and know what it is to behave well to People; and, ſooner than I would ſuffer any of my Servants to inſult a Cuſtomer, I would—Pray, Sir, ſays the Landlord, interrupting him, what's the Matter? Matter! Nothing at all, only I am ſcalded to Death, I believe, that's all, by this honeſt Gentlewoman here, your Cook. I hope not, ſays the Landlord; I am ſure I would not ſuffer any Servant of mine to uſe a Gentleman ill in my Houſe: I defy any Body to ſay I encourage Rudeneſs in any Body belonging to me; I know how to treat Gentlemen with good

Manners:

Manners: I think I may ſay, without Vanity, there is not a Houſe between *London* and *Bath*, where People are better uſed than in mine.—Is this a Proof of it? ſaid the Gentleman angrily, at the ſame Time pulling down his Stocking, and ſhewing— not a ſcalded Leg, for the Water was quite cold, but a poor ſhrivelled Piece of Skin, like Parchment, that ſerved as a Covering to a poor ſlender Shank. I proteſt, ſays he, I was ſtartled; I thought I felt all the Anguiſh of a real Scald.

A Noiſe in the Yard drew the Company out to be Spectators of a different Scene. *Buckhorſe* had offered ſome little Familiarities to the Chambermaid in the Gallery, which had greatly alarmed her Virtue. There are Times and Seaſons for all Things. It is poſſible, had *Buckhorſe* waited two or three Hours longer, he might have found

her not ſo inflexible ; but the Circumſtance which ſo alarmed her Virtue, was the Preſence of a Dragoon, quartered in the Houſe, and who was her Sweetheart. Him ſhe ſaw at the End of the aforeſaid Gallery, and therefore gave a loud Scream. The Dragoon came up to her Aſſiſtance, and aſked *Buckhorſe* what he meant by handling the Girl ſo rudely ? The latter reply'd, What's that to you ? The other told him he'd let him know ; and if he heard much more of his Prate, he'd throw him into the Yard. *Buckhorſe* told him cooly he was not the Man. The Dragoon, clinching his Fiſt, ſwore if he ſpoke another Word he'd lick him as well as ever he was lick'd in his Life. Come, ſays *Buckhorſe*, what ſignifies your chattering ? come down into the Yard, and lick me if you can. The other accepted the Challenge, and to it they went. The Stage Coachman,

hearing

hearing the Noiſe, left his Horſes to take care of themſelves; and, by his frequent Repetition of the Words, Well done little one! made that Noiſe which drew the Company out of the Kitchen into the Yard, where they found the Dragoon belabouring poor *Buckhorſe*. Not all his Skill, nor the repeated Encouragement of the Coachman, could have long withſtood the ſuperior Strength of the Man of War, had not Squire *Blood*, drawn by the Shouts of the By-ſtanders at every Fall, come to his Aſſiſtance. *Buckhorſe*, perhaps, thought he had enough, and probably would have ſaid ſo, had not the Squire told him he was not hurt; a Bout or two more, and he was ſure he ſhould beat his Man; bid him remember the Bread-baſket, and clapping him on the Back, ſet him too again.

Whether Mr. *Blood* thought as he ſpoke, or only wanted a little more Fun, is not quite certain; but certain it is, that *Buckhorſe*, having taken his Advice, tipt his Adverſary ſuch a Plumper as laid him ſprawling; at which he ſaid, or rather muttered, he'd fight no more. You fight! You be d—d, ſaid *Buckhorſe*, exulting, I'll fight your whole Regiment one after another.

Many were the Praiſes beſtowed by the Spectators on the little Hero. He was a brave Fellow; a good bit of Fleſh. The Coachman ſwore, if he travel'd that Road forty Years, he'd give him a lift when ever he pleaſed, and it ſhould coſt him nothing. Squire *Blood* ſaid he ſhould fight any Thing of his Inches in the whole County for a Hundred, he ſaid done firſt. The Landlord ſaid, he was glad with all

his

his Heart the Gentleman had threſh'd the Fellow; for, added he, if it was not for ſome ſuch Gentlemen there would be no living for theſe Raſcals. I wiſh, ſaid he, we had twenty thouſand Gentlemen in the Kingdom of ſo much Spirit as your Honour, we ſhould ſoon ſend this Swarm of Locuſts into the Red Sea.

The Dragoon had by this Time got upon his Legs again, and was ſetting his Hair and other Matters to rights. Give me thy Hand, honeſt Friend, ſaid *Buckhorſe*, ſhaking him heartily by it; I never love a Man till I have box'd him; I'll treat thee with a Glaſs of Gin, my Boy; thou art a good Fellow enough; and walking towards the Kitchen, was followed by the vanquiſhed Soldier. Here they found the Gentleman and Mrs. Cook upon very good Terms; the former, with

Joy

Joy of having received no Damage, had treated the latter with half a Pint of Wine; and ſhe proteſted, in the ſtrongeſt Manner, ſhe was ſorry for the Fright ſhe had thrown him into, and ſhould never have forgiven herſelf had any Accident happened.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mr. Squeezum's *Account of himſelf. Schemes for diſpoſing of a Fortune, and other Matters.*

PEACE being ſettled between the contending Parties, they each retired to different Employments; the Dragoon to lament his Defeat, and adjuſt his Neckloth; the Cook to draw her Ducks from the Spit; and the Squires to eat them. Mr. *Blood* judging at the old Man's Reaſons for withdrawing from the Company, generouſly offered to treat him for that Night, which he, after ſome Compliments, accepted.

Whilſt Supper was ſerving up, an Argument about fighting paſt in the Parlour;

Parlour; where the Ladies ſaid a great deal againſt the Brutality of Men: Naſty Things! How could they ſtrip themſelves naked before every Body, and tear and worry each other to Pieces like Dogs? and many other Matters, equally to the Purpoſe, which we have not Time to relate, Supper being now upon the Table.

After Supper the Converſation became general for ſome Time; but a Silence of ſome Minutes gave the young Merchant an Opportunity to aſk the old Gentleman, with ſome Apologies for the Queſtion, What could be the Reaſon of the ſettled Melancholy he had obſerved in him all that Day, he believed it was not natural? Sir, replied the old Gentleman, with a deep Sigh, I am the moſt unhappy Man breathing. The Merchant waited ſome time, expecting the other would proceed; but finding he did not, went

one

one Step farther; if I may preſume, what may be the Occaſion of your unhappineſs? You ſeem in a good State of Health. Ah, Sir, ſays the other, Health is not the only Bleſſing we may hope for. True, ſaid the Merchant; but with a good Share of that we are better enabled to encounter other Misfortunes. Perhaps your Circumſtances —No, thank God, my Circumſtances are good; I am worth a Plumb every Morning I riſe.—The Death of ſome valuable Friend then?—Not that neither, replies the old Gentleman. Undutiful Children then?—No, nor that. —Your Lady then, pardon my Freedom? Not quite the Thing neither; I have a very good Wife, a ſober, prudent, careful Woman. But you want Heirs then to your Eſtate? Why, ay, there indeed the Shoe pinches; I am unhappy there. I married a Wife a good deal younger than myſelf with that Hope, younger than I by thirty

Years,

Years, for I am older than I look to be, Mr.— I don't know your Name; between you and I, I am turned of Sixty. I married her, I ſay, with that Hope; for what have I been working for all this Time, but the Pleaſure of having ſomebody to leave it to, when I am gone? Methinks, Sir, ſaid the Merchant, if that Hope ſhould fail you, there are Ways enough to leave your Money ſo as to do Honour to your Memory. But, Mr. What d'ye callum, I can't live to ſee my Memory, and I ſhould be glad to have ſome Certainty of its being applied to a proper Purpoſe. I ſhould like to build an Hoſpital well enough, but that would break into the Capital, and one does not know what may happen. I wiſh ſomebody would build one in my Name, and call it *Squeezum*'s *Hoſpital*; my Name is *Sqzeezum*, Mr. —— Now ſuch a one as *Guy*'s, or *Bencroft*'s, would pleaſe me well enough, and I would

would faithfully leave him my Money at my Death; but then the Intereſt would eat deep into the Capital too, for I may live a good while; I am ſtrong and hearty, of my Age. Suppoſe, Sir, you were to ſettle it upon Hoſpitals already built? 'tis the faſhionable Way of diſpoſing of one's Money. But that breaks Bulk, ſaid *Squeezum*; I have been a great many Years getting it together, and ſhould be glad to keep it ſo. Have you no Relations, Sir? Yes, but they are poor, and might ſquander it away. What think you of poor Families whoſe Modeſty prevents their aſking? The ſame Reaſon which prevents their aſking, would alſo prevent their letting the World know it; and a Man would not give away ſo much you know, and have his Liberality buried in Silence. But the Searcher of Hearts would know, and reward you for it. Why that's true; but as I go regularly to Church, I think I

am pretty ſafe that Way. I wiſh I could, if it were poſſible, live after my Death, that I might know what the World ſaid of me. But, Sir, as your Lady is young, you may yet have an Heir. Even in that Caſe, Mr. —— there is no certain Happineſs; for, beſides the Trouble and Expence of Education, he might take bad Courſes; and, if he ſhould do otherwiſe, he might die; or if he lived, might ſquander away what I have taken ſo much Pains to get together; or might marry ſome fine Lady, who would do it for him. Theſe, Sir, are imaginary Evils, or, at worſt, at a great Diſtance. Ay, but the Time muſt come; our Lives are ſhort, very ſhort Mr. What d'ye callum, ſeventy Years is but as one Day, as the *Pſalmiſt* ſays. I wiſh I had lived in the *Antediluvian* World, it was worth living then. Now a Man has no ſooner got a little

Money,

Money, but he muſt leave it to be fool'd away by People who do not know the Value of it. In ſeven or eight hundred Years a Man had time to look about him, and might have aſſiſted his Children to the ninth or tenth Generation, in laying out their Stock to the beſt Advantage: Why, I might have improved 100,000£ in that Time to a hundred Times that Sum. Sir *Penurious Loather*, had he lived ſo long, might have purchaſed all the Land North of *Trent*; and Mr. *Vanhead*, the Merchant, might have bought the Banks of *Genoa*, *Venice*, and *Amſterdam*. Theſe were Men, Mr. —— but what ſignifies it all? we muſt die at laſt! The great Sir *Gilbert Heathgrub* is now no more than the pooreſt Beggar of his Day. Alas! what ſignifies Riches? I go conſtantly to Church, as I obſerved before, pay the Pariſh Dues as well as any Man, never give an Officer the Trouble of coming twice,

twice, was never diſguiſed with Liquor, never knew Woman but my Wife, nor ever kept a Wench, that crying, yet faſhionable Vice; and yet I muſt die like the wickedeſt Man, or pooreſt Beggar! Then what avails Riches? For a Man to lead a good Life, and in Conſequence of that, amaſs Riches, then to die!—Though I can't ſay I am rich neither; I have got a little, but many of my Neighbours are better Men than I am, far better; though indeed I had but a Trifle to begin with, in compariſon to ſome of them; but Care and Induſtry have made me what I am: But, alas! the Times are not now, what they have been. I remember, Mr. —— I one Morning cleared 600£ before Breakfaſt. A Friend of mine in the wholeſale Way was going to break; ſo I bought his Stock before the Creditors had time to ſeize: A rare Pennyworth I had, to be ſure; and

'tis

'tis every Man's Buſineſs, you know, to make the beſt Bargain he can for himſelf. That was a lucky Stroke, Sir, ſaid the Merchant; but then the Creditors!—They knew nothing of the Matter, ſaid *Squeezum*; and if they had, the Man did not become a Bankrupt till the next Day; ſo the Law could not take hold of me: no, no, I took care of that; it was a fair Bargain; he wanted Money, and I had ſome to ſpare. The World, ſaid the Merchant, might perhaps think ſome Injuſtice—No Injuſtice at all, ſaid the old Gentleman eagerly, no Injuſtice at all; it is unjuſt indeed to commit a Murder, or to rob upon the Highway, or to break open a Man's Houſe; the Law tells us this; but no Injuſtice in a Bargain between Man and Man: I uſed no Violence to get his Goods; if he wronged his Creditors, let him look to that; 'twas his Buſineſs, and their's, not mine. Ay, ay, theſe were the Times!

Times! I wiſh I had the World to begin again, I ſhould make more of it; I ſhould turn my Money to better Advantage.— What's three *per Cent.* and *India* Bonds? If the *French* fit out but a ſingle Frigate, the Stocks become a niere Drug. No, no, Money would not be worth having, if there was not People in the World who don't know the Value of it, and fling it away like Dirt, whilſt a wiſe Man turns every Penny to account. What ſignifies the Lord's ſplendid Equipage, when, perhaps, the Coronet that diſtinguiſhes his Coach, the Man is not paid for painting of? Alas, alas, the Vanity of the World! that Men ſhould ſet ſuch a Value upon periſhable Things; as if a laced Coat, or a Coach and Six, could preſerve a Man's Life. We can't live for ever; and while we are here, we ſhould do all the Good we can; we ſhould not live for ourſelves. If I had but a little more, Mr. ——

there

there would not be a more charitable Man upon Earth. It is but t'other Day now, (though we ſhould not boaſt of the Good we do) a Servant of mine broke his Leg; I got him into the Hoſpital immediately, though I was not obliged to it, for the Accident did not happen in my Houſe; but we ſhould do all the Good we can. The chief End of Riches, ſaid the Merchant, is to ſerve our Fellow-Creatures—In a limited Senſe though, interrupted Mr. *Squeezum*; becauſe if we waſte our Money in trifling Charities during our Lives, we are not able to do ſo much Good at our Deaths. I ſhould be very glad to ſerve a Friend in Diſtreſs; but, by my Liberality to him, I might myſelf become an Object of Pity; and the Pity of the World is what every prudent Man ſhould avoid; for, carry it to *Jonathan*'s, and aſk a Jew, either *Hebrew* or Chriſtian, for the Stocks, and he will tell you Pity is not current.—

Of

Of all the Proverbs, I like that beſt which ſays, Charity begins at home. I can't help laughing when I think of a certain Man, who, when the great Fire happened in *Cornhill*, gave 200 £ for the Relief of the Sufferers, and next Day borrowed a thouſand at 5 *per Cent.* This was being charitable with a Witneſs! We are not commanded, ſays the Merchant, to lay ourſelves under Difficulties in order to alleviate thoſe of others; but we are told by the beſt Authority, that he that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord. It is poſſible the Gentleman you ſpeak of felt more Satisfaction in adminiſtering Relief to the then Diſtreſſed, than they themſelves found on receiving his Bounty. No doubt of it, ſays *Squeezum*; I gave ſomething myſelf; but I hate Oſtentation; I always take care upon theſe Occaſions, that my left Hand ſhould never know what my right does,

as

as the ſaying is. This is true Charity. I had a Servant Maid married out of my Family about ten Years ago; at her Lying-in, which was, I think, in her firſt Year, yes, eleven Months, or eleven Months and a few Days, I believe there or there about, I ſent her a Dozen of white Port; it's true, indeed, it was a little prick'd; but then it ſerved to make Caudle as well as the beſt. I ſcorn to mention theſe Things, for I know I ſhall never be a Penny the better for them in this World,—but in the next I truſt I ſhall be rewarded; there lies my Comfort. You know we would not lay out our Money, if we did not expect to be the better for it ſomewhere. I have a poor Relation, my Father's Siſter, who has liv'd well in her Time, but fallen to decay; why, I allow her two Shillings *per* Week, without which ſhe muſt go to the Pariſh; there is no Compulſion, 'tis my own voluntary Act; and what

with Spinning, and what with Charing, ſhe makes a comfortable Living enough of it. I wiſh I could provide as well for ſome other Relations I have, but it would be endleſs, it would indeed. Alas! what is a few thouſand Pounds when it comes to be divided.—I have ſometimes thought ſeriouſly Mr. —— of preſerving my Fortune intire, and that both it and I ſhould, as it were, live after my Death. How is that pray, ſaid the Merchant? Why I'll tell you, Sir: In the Time of the grand Rebellion, my Grandfather, who was a Clergyman, being preferred to a pretty good Living, it pleaſed God to bleſs his Endeavours, and he got Money apace, and was well reſpected by his Pariſhioners; and the Squire who had the Preſentation to the Living, in order to perpetuate the Name of *Squeezum*, propoſed to my Grandfather to have his Picture drawn, promiſing to be at the Expence of it, which no doubt

doubt he was; for my Grandfather, though a very good Chriſtian, and a very good Man in the main, was rather too covetous, having threatned many times to turn this very identical Picture into Money, which it was hardly in my Grandmother's Power to prevent, by repreſenting to him it would be treating the Squire very ill: However, the Picture eſcaped, and is now in my Poſſeſſion.—But what I have been thinking of is this: Suppoſe I was to leave my Fortune in truſt to ſome rich Community, upon theſe Conditions; Firſt, to have the ſaid Picture hung up in their great Hall; Secondly, a Perſon appointed to look after it, and bruſh it clean every Morning; this Perſon to have a certain Allowance, beſides the Uſe of my Grandfather's Tobacco Box, and furniſhed with Brozley Pipes; ſaid Box filled every Day with ſome of *Tom Harbin*'s Beſt, out of the Profits of my

Eſtate, during his Continuance in that Office; and oppoſite my Grandfather's Picture the Arms of the *Squeezum*'s; and round the Hall, in Gold Characters, my Name, and the Conditions before mentioned; and in other convenient Parts of the Room, ſome Texts of Scripture, interſperſed with ſome Account of our Family, and ſome of the Sayings of our richeſt and beſt Citizens, ſuch as, *Keep your Shop, and your Shop will keep you: A Penny ſaved is a Penny got: A Pin a Day is a Groat a Year: Faſt bind, ſafe find*; and many others, which I ſhall leave to the Judgment of my Executors; for as I never waſted much of my Time in reading, it can't be expected I ſhould know much of theſe Matters: No, Trade has always been my Study, and I would recommend it to every Man to ſtudy that. Did you ever know a Mathematician worth 100,000£ or a Poet a 100 Groats, except the little Hump-

back'd

back'd Man at *Twickenham?* I went to ſee his Grotto once, and a pretty Place it was to be ſure; but I think it was a Pity to ſink ſo much Principal and Intereſt in a Thing that could not eaſily be transferred without great Loſs. Ay, ay, Trade brings Griſt to Mill; it brings Wealth, and Wealth Happineſs; though, alas! added he, (fetching a deep Sigh) there is no Happineſs in this World; I am ſure I never found any, unleſs the getting a Trifle of Money may be called ſo. Ay, that was the happieſt Time of my Life, I wiſh I could ſee it again. Well, God's Will be done; I grow old, I can't enjoy the Sweets of Life, I muſt ſoon part with what I have taken ſo much Pains to get together; we muſt all die Mr. —— 100,000£ can't purchaſe one ſingle Hour; Death is a ſevere Creditor! No, not one ſingle Hour; then what is Wealth? Traſh; and yet methinks

there ſhould be ſome ſmall Allowance to Men who have been induſtrious; a little longer Life, 10,000 more to leave amongſt my poor Relations. If I could acquire that, I think I ſhould be eaſy; I ſhould be glad to leave them ſomething to remember me; we ſhould not leave the World like Brutes:—But then, perhaps, they would ſpend it all. If I was ſure they would make a good uſe on't,—but 'tis not to be expected, the World is ſo extravagant.— *Z*—ds! ſays Squire *Blood*, interrupting him, What's your Money to us? or to yourſelf either, if you dare not make any Uſe of it? Buy a fine Houſe, keep an Equipage, a dozen Hunters in your Stables, a Brace of Whores at your Table, half a Score ſuch Fellows as I conſtantly with you, and then, old Chap, you bid fair for Immortality.

A fine Scheme indeed! ſays Mr. *Squeezum*: A fine Houſe for the Reception

ception of Beggars of Quality! an Equipage to tempt ſome lewd young Raſcal to debauch my Wife! Hunters to break my Neck! Wenches to give me the P—x! and ſuch Gueſts as you to rob me of all! A fine Way to Immortality truly! No, no, this Gentleman (pointing to Mr. *Gibbons*) ſeems to be a Man of more Reaſon; I am ſure he would not adviſe me to ſuch a Way of Life. No, ſays Mr. *Gibbons*, that would be running into the other Extreme; and, as you have been uſed to a private Life, would perhaps be a Puniſhment rather than a Pleaſure; but I think—and I think, ſays *Buckhorſe*, interrupting, the Gentleman had better build a very handſome Booth, and ſettle a Salary upon *Broughton*, *Tom Smallwood*, and ſome more of them, to teach the whole Nation how to fight, and then we need not fear the *French* by Land, nor Sea neither.

Mr. *Squeezum*, did not ſeem to approve this Scheme, for he ſhook his Head, and deſired the Merchant to proceed.

I was thinking, ſaid Mr. *Gibbons*, that ſuch an Hoſpital as they have in a neighbouring Kingdom, for what they call *Filles Repenties*, that is, a Houſe for the Reception of thoſe unhappy young Women who have been ſeduced, and would be glad of an Opportunity to return to Virtue; I ſay, ſuch a Houſe as this is, I think, much wanted in this Country. How many Lives, nay, perhaps, how many Souls, might be ſaved by ſuch a Regulation?

The old Lady, who was a Woman of ſevere Virtue, cried out Shame at this Project; ſaid it would be encouraging Wickedneſs; that all the young wanton Huſſies would turn naught, if they were ſure to be provided for afterwards;

terwards; *Bridewell* was the fitteſt Place for the naſty Jades; there were Locks enough for them to rot in; they ought not to be let looſe amongſt virtuous Women, for Fear of ſpreading the Infection; and concluded with a deal of charitable Abuſe; ſuch as your virtuous Women are now and then fond of beſtowing on theſe wicked Creatures. The young Lady ſaid—but before ſhe ſaid it was thought a gentle Sigh eſcaped her; and, in poetick Phraſe, ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid 'twas Pity, a wond'rous Pity, ſo many Women ſhould be undone by Love.—Love! A Fig's-end, ſaid the old Lady, interrupting; I defy all the Fellows in the World to make me in Love with any of them. Love, forſooth! A fine Word invented to excuſe the Wantonneſs of young Huſſies. Sure I ſhould know, I've been married twice. Mr. *Barker*, my firſt Huſband, when he married me, and I was then as young

as other Folks, and perhaps as—Here ſhe turned a little on one Side to the Glaſs that hung over the Chimney, and adjuſting her Handkerchief and ſome other ſmall Matters, ſhe continued; but as I was ſaying, Mr. *Barker*, my firſt Huſband—but I ſhan't praiſe myſelf, there are People enough who remember *Jenny James*; I believe I was not then half a Yard in the Waiſt; the Fellows ſaid civil Things to me, I ſuppoſe, as well as to others; but I had no notion of being in Love; but, as I was ſaying, Mr. *Barker*, my firſt Huſband—to be ſure he was as good a Man as ever lived; he died, and left me a young Widow, with my Belly up to my Mouth; I thought I ſhould have broke my Heart after him, yet there was none of that fulſome Love between us; it's all a Pretence: The Devil! They ſhan't tell me about their Nonſenſe, their ſnivelling

and

and crying, and running away with the Fellows, and then calling it Love: But as I was ſaying, Mr. *Barker*, my firſt Huſband—I was not then above Eighteen, yet I was as tall as I am now: All our Family were tall; my Mother, I think, was ſcarce ſo tall; but my Father was a great deal taller, and my Brother *Richard* taller by the Head, and ſo was my Siſter *Bet*; but as I was ſaying, Mr. *Barker*, my firſt Huſband—to be ſure he was too good to live; I thought I ſhould loſe him; an honeſter Man never ſtep'd in Shoe-leather; he never wrong'd Man, Woman, nor Child, I dare ſay. He was, indeed, a little haſty, but it was ſoon over, and then he was ſorry, and thought he never could do enough to make one amends. Poor Mr. *Barker!* I'm ſure he is in Heaven. As ſhe made a little ſtop here, the old Gentleman aſked her, with ſome Heat, if ſhe had done with Mr. *Barker?* She

had

had ſent him to Heaven, ſhe ought not to trouble his Quiet there. The old Lady ſeemed a little diſpleaſed at this Rebuke, for ſhe whiſpered to the other Lady, ſome People were very unmannerly, they could not bear to hear any Body talk but themſelves.

You were ſpeaking, Sir, ſays Mr. *Squeezum*, addreſſing himſelf to the Merchant, about an Hoſpital for the Reception of undone Women, when that good Lady thought proper to interrupt you. Indeed, ſays the old Lady, I muſt take leave to interrupt you too, if you come to that; and to tell you, Sir, you are no way related to the *Rutland* Family; your Name is not *Manners*. I told you my Name, Madam, ſaid he, peeviſhly, perhaps not underſtanding her Meaning: Pray give the Gentleman leave: Proceed, Sir. I was going, Sir, ſays Mr. *Gibbons*, to ſhew the Advantages ariſing from

ſuch

ſuch an Inſtitution, and the Poſſibility of a Return to Virtue, where a good Education has ſown the Seeds of Virtue in the Mind; and the following little Hiſtory may ſerve that Purpoſe, perhaps better than any Thing I could ſay of my own upon the Subject. We ſhall juſt ſend Mr. *Squeezum*, Mr. *Gibbons*, and the virtuous Lady to Bed, as it grows late, having already diſpoſed of the reſt of the Company, which we could not inform thee of before, leſt we ſhould have interrupted the clear Account the Lady was giving of Mr. *Barker*, her firſt Huſband; and, moreover, our Will and Pleaſure is, you read no more to Night, unleſs you like it; in that Caſe we ſhall begin a new Chapter purpoſely to oblige you.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Surprizing Adventures at the Inn.

SOME Reaſons might perhaps be given for Squire *Blood* and the young Milliner retiring before the reſt of the Company, which perhaps we may condeſcend to give; but we will not be obliged to give any for Mr. *Buckhorſe*'s Retreat; we might indeed give one worth a thouſand, namely, that we had none to give. It is indeed poſſible, that our Hero himſelf might have found it difficult to have given a better; for there was no Deſign in his meeting the Chambermaid in the long Gallery; and there was none, I ſuppoſe, in the Candle juſt then dropping out of her Hand; but theſe two Circumſtances gave riſe to one, which he would have put into immediate Execution, could he have prevailed upon

Betty

Betty to aſſiſt him; for he ſaid Grace to a Meal which he expected immediately to ſit down to; in plain *Engliſh*, he prefaced his aſking the Girl a very plain Queſtion, by half a Dozen hearty Kiſſes; ſwore ſhe was the fineſt Girl in *England*; he was violently in love with her; kiſſed her again and again; began to flatter: She, who had conceived a Sort of a ſomething for him, which we may, if you pleaſe call Love, ever ſince his beating the Dragoon, for whom her love leſſened in proportion as it grew greater for the other, ever ſince the Defeat of the former; nor is this the only Inſtance where a Man having loſt his Honour, has loſt his Miſtreſs alſo.

We are obliged to introduce a Night Scene, for which we muſt beg the Reader's Pardon, as many ſuch have been introduced by the Writers of Romance, from *Michael Cervantes* and *Rabelais*,

Rabelais, down to *Swift* and *Harry Fielding*; but we could by no Means, as a faithful, nay indeed as an exact Hiſtorian, avoid mentioning it; becauſe, had we omitted it, the Thread of our Hiſtory muſt have ſnap'd ſhort, and we condemned for Inaccuracy; becauſe, in the Words of a learned Judge, it would have been paſſing over a Place that is impaſſable; Reaſon and Probability having laid no other Cauſeway to carry over the Paſſenger. To drop the Metaphor, that Author who does not write his Lie ſo much like Truth as to be taken for ſuch, ſtands no greater chance of being approved by the judicious Reader than *Carte*'s Romance of *England*, which he has very imprudently ventured to call an Hiſtory.

Squire *Buckhorſe* and *Betty* had ſpent about a Quarter of an Hour, I hope innocently, in the Gallery; and being

at

at this time pretty ſtill, heard very diſtinctly the Words, preciſely at Twelve. Oh Lord, ſays *Betty*, what are the People about? I'll be hang'd if there is not ſome more Fun going forward; and being, I ſuppoſe, ſatisfied with the Converſation that paſt between her and *Buckhorſe*, whiſpered, I ſay twelve too; the more the merrier. *Buckhorſe*, whoſe Birth Day ſome Waggs of his Acquaintance had fix'd on the Sixth of *November*, the Day after the Plot, was not ſo dull but he underſtood her Meaning; and having as noble Sentiments of Love as a Horſe, a Dog, an Aſs, and ſome more of thoſe ſagacious Creatures, concluded, that a meeting of two People of different Sexes, at ſuch a Time of Night, might be intended for ſomething more than a Viſit of mere Ceremony, ſaid, With all his Heart. The Appointment was kept by all Parties, though not

exactly

exactly to a Minute. *Betty*, who, to do her Juſtice, was always punctual in Affairs of this Kind, did not wait till the Clock had done ſtriking, but aſcended the Gallery, and coming to the Room where *Buckhorſe* had told her he was to lie, puſh'd it gently open, and turning the Key, ſhe ſlip'd into Bed; where we ſhall leave her in Expectation of ſomething we do not chuſe to mention.

Buckhorſe having by this Time got into the Gallery, grop'd about for the Door; which he found open; and calling out ſoftly, Where are you? was anſwered in a low Voice, Here. He made the beſt of his Way to the Place from whence the Voice came.

For further Particulars of this Night's Work, I muſt refer the Reader to the Parties themſelves, and introduce him with Day Light into that Chamber

Chamber where *Betty* had retired. It may be ſome Diſappointment perhaps to him, as well as to the Chamber-maid, to find herſelf in the Arms of old *Squeezum*; who, dreaming he was in Bed with his Wife, had taken ſome Liberties, which, waking, perhaps, he would not have done. *Betty*, on finding her Miſtake, would have ſcreamed out, but was afraid of waking her Miſtreſs, who ſhe knew was of a ſuſpicious Temper, and might perhaps have put a ſevere Conſtruction on her Miſtake. Mr. *Blood* found himſelf in the Arms of the fat Cook, whoſe Door had been left open for the Dragoon above mentioned. *Buckhorſe* had got to bed to the Milliner, and the Dragoon had miſs'd, or rather found his Way to the virtuous Lady, who received him as a Wife ought to do; for having the preceding Night heated her Imagination with the Thoughts of Mr. *Barker* her firſt Huſband, and a few Bumpers of

Canary,

Canary, returned the Embraces, (in her Sleep it muſt be ſuppoſed) of her dear departed Huſband.

To ſet all theſe Matters in a clear Light, the Dragoon, whoſe Jealouſy of *Betty* had made him watchful, had heard the Aſſignation betwixt her and *Buckhorſe*, and deſigned to make that Uſe of it which every wiſe Man ought; but, by miſtaking the Door, got into the old Lady's Chamber, which ſhe had left open for the Milliner, who was to have been her Bed-Fellow. The latter had, by Miſtake, got into *Buckhorſe*'s, in which Mr. *Blood* had before been; but ſeeing *Buckhorſe* in Bed, concluded he was wrong; ſo ſlipping out again, he found a Room open, and hearing a female Voice, took it for granted he had got to the Milliner, (who had the Night before acquainted him with her Reſolution of lying no more with the old Lady) but unluckily

ſtumbled

ſtumbled into the Cook's: And *Buck-horſe* finding *Betty* did not come at the appointed Time, had roſe from his Bed to go in ſearch of her; and finding the Milliner's Door open, as it was next to *Betty*'s, judged he was right. The old Gentleman had, contrary to his Cuſtom, drank a Glaſs too much, had forgot to lock his Door, which occaſioned *Betty*'s Miſtake; and a ſad one it was indeed to her, ſhe being the only Perſon diſappointed; for the old Gentleman, in Feats of Love, was by no Means equal to *Buckhorſe*: The latter had, in the Perſon of the Milliner, enjoy'd the Chambermaid. *Blood*, under the Notion of embracing the Milliner, had been extremely kind to the Cook; and the Dragoon had taken ample Satisfaction on the Body of the virtuous old Lady, for the Slights he had received from the Chambermaid, but ſwore he'd be even with *Betty* ſtill. *Buckhorſe* ſaid a Belly

full

full was a Belly full, and *Blood* d—d his Ignorance for not perceiving the Difference ſooner. The old Gentleman proteſted he was ſorry he had been led into the Commiſſion of ſuch a Crime, but there was no help for all this Miſtake, it was Theft for which no Reſtitution could be made. The old Gentlewoman obſerved there was a great Difference between committing a Crime intentionally, and being led into it by Miſtake; the Milliner proteſted her Innocence; and the Cook ſwore ſhe knew nothing about the Matter; if there had been any harm done, ſhe was ſorry for it; but thought ſhe had been in her own Bed all the Time. The Chambermaid ſaid, as ſhe hop'd to be ſaved, ſhe only went for the Gentleman's Candle, and he lock'd the Door, and ſwore horridly he would murder her if ſhe did not comply; and ſo, to ſave her Life, ſhe did go to bed to him, that was the Truth, if it was

the

the laſt Word ſhe had to ſay. Some Women ſhe knew would ſue him for a Rape, but ſhe valued her Character more than to appear in a Court of Juſtice upon ſuch a filthy Occaſion. He was an old Goat, ſhe thought he would have killed her; and to be ſure ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould prove with Child, and then what muſt become of her? She ſhould loſe her Place, and never get into an honeſt Family again.

The Company ſaid all they could to comfort her, but ſhe was not to be pacified for the Violence offered to her Chaſtity, till the old Gentleman promiſed, if ſhe ſhould prove with Child, he would take care of it, and make it the beſt Night's Work for her that ever ſhe had in her life. She embraced him, and hoped he would not forſake her, now that he had got his naſty Will of her; ſhe was but a poor Girl,

and

and had nothing to depend on but her Character; that if that was once gone, ſhe muſt be ruined and undone. The old Gentleman ſlipt a Guinea into her Hand, and repeated his Promiſe of providing for the Child.

It may be wondered, how the old Gentleman, who was not over liberal, ſhould beſtow a Guinea on this Wench, who had juſt abuſed him in a vile Manner, by ſaying he had uſed Violence, which the Reader knows to be falſe; but then it may be conſidered, that Vanity had perhaps got the better of his Avarice; that he ſhould be ſo violent in his Love Attack was a Circumſtance not to be overlook'd in a Man of Sixty odd, and might, if Mrs. *Squeezum* died firſt, not a little contribute towards his getting another Wife with a few Thouſands. He knew indeed the Girl's whole Story to be falſe, but how to account for her Proceeding,

was

was the Difficulty. The ſame Vanity which had got the better of his Avarice, had likewiſe ſubdued his Underſtanding; for this unaccountable Step of her's he judged to be an Exceſs of Love, which ſhe had taken for him the Night before; having, he thought, perceived many Inſtances of it; and the Falſity of her Aſſertion he imputed to her Modeſty, or Fear of Shame, which in ſome female Minds operate much in the ſame Manner.

Being haſp'd in their Vehicle, they jogg'd gently along, and a dry Joke now and then paſs'd concerning laſt Night's Adventure. Mr. *Gibbons* told *Squeezum* he might perhaps have now got a proper Perſon to leave his Money to; and then addreſſing himſelf to *Buckhorſe*.—Ay Reader, ſo it is, *Buckhorſe* was obliged to take a Place in the Coach, unleſs he footed it, which

would have unſquired him a good deal in the Opinion of his Friends; an Incident had happen'd, which we could find no Place to croud in before, and which it is fitting thou ſhould'ſt know. This Incident was no more than Mr. *Blood* and the Milliner having gone off about an Hour before in the Squire's Phaeton; whether the Lady being ſomewhat ſubject to Fits, imagined the open Air would be of ſervice to her; or whether laſt Night's Affair made it inconvenient for her to ſit in the Coach, I can't ſay; but certain it is, they had almoſt got to *Marlborough* before the others ſet out, the Squire having drove *Jehu* like all the Way; which had ſuch an Effect on the Lady, not being uſed to Fatigue, that ſhe was obliged to go into a Bedchamber to repoſe herſelf: The Squire followed her up, being likewiſe indiſpoſed, and both took ſome Refreſhment; but as a warm Imagina-

tion

tion may ſuggeſt ſomething to their Diſadvantage, by their being lock'd up ſome Time in the ſame Chamber, we can clear them of any Thing of the Kind, having particularly enquired into this Circumſtance, and been informed by *Sally* the Chambermaid at the Angel, a Girl of great Veracity, that there was actually two Beds in the Room.

I muſt carry thee back, good Reader, to the Coach, or thou will't loſe the Hiſtory, Mr. *Gibbons* promiſed the Company in the laſt Chapter, and which I promiſe thee in the next.

CHAP. XI.

Story of Lucy Thompſon. *Robbery on* Marlborough Downs. *Humming Character of a Parſon.*

LUCY THOMPSON is the Daughter of a Clergyman, who had a conſiderable Living in *Northamptonſhire*; ſhe had all the Graces which adorn the Body and Mind, and an Education ſuch as a tender Father could beſtow; ſhe was an only Child, and had had the Misfortune of loſing her Mother when ſhe was very young; her Father had, in her Infancy, married a young Gentlewoman of that Neighbourhood; *Lucy* had ſcarce reached her fifteenth Year before ſhe was addreſſed by many young Gentlemen of the County; among the reſt was one Mr. *Trueman*, who was Heir

to

to a conſiderable Eſtate: This young Gentleman ſeemed to have made the greateſt Progreſs in *Lucy*'s Affection; and her Father, in point of Fortune, could have no Objection to the Match; he indeed thought them both too young, beſides which the young Gentleman's Father was not made acquainted with the Affair, which Mr. *Thompſon* declared ſhould go on no farther without his Conſent, having no more Right, he apprehended, to rob a Gentleman of his Child, than of his Purſe. Mrs. *Thompſon*, on the contrary, preſs'd the Affair, and wanted to get rid of *Lucy*, whom ſhe look'd upon as a Spy over all her Actions: She therefore frequently importuned her Huſband to haſten the Match, or let the young People go on as they lik'd; *Lucy*'s Prudence, ſhe ſaid, was a ſufficient Security for any Thing that might be apprehended from the Importunity of her impatient Lover; his

Affection, if check'd, might cool, or *Lucy* fix her Inclination elſewhere; that in Affairs of this kind no time was to be loſt.

The good Man laugh'd at her Scruples, and told her that if Mr. *Trueman* was an honeſt Man there was nothing to fear; if otherwiſe, there was a good Riddance. A twelve Month paſt in this State of Uncertainty, when Mr. *Thompſon* was ſeized by a Fever, which, in eight Days, put an end to the Life of a Man who was an Ornament to his Profeſſion, and an Honour to the Times in which he lived. His Epitaph is engraven,—not on a Marble in the Churchyard, but in the Hearts of all his Pariſhioners. The great ones he perſuaded by his Diſcourſes and Example to Acts of Humanity and Benevolence, not by thundering in their Ears the Fear of eternal Torments, but from a nobler, a more Chriſtian Motive;

Motive ; a glorious Ambition (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) of imitating that Great Being who is all Perfection. To the Poor he was always a Counſellor and Friend. Aſk in the Pariſh who built and endow'd that Almshouſe for antient People ? Who erected that Charity School for the Orphan ? Who portioned off the honeſt induſtrious Girl ? Who rewarded and encouraged the laborious Cottager ? Not the Duke of —— nor my Lord —— nor Squire —— The Anſwer to all theſe Queſtions would be, good Doctor *Thompſon.*

During his Illneſs, his Daughter conſtantly attended by his Bed Side; but, as he was delirious from the ſecond Day, ſhe had not the Conſolation of receiving his good Advice at their Separation. The Mother put on Weeds, and *Lucy*—Mourning at her Heart.

Mr. *Trueman* preſs'd now for the Completion of his Happineſs; but *Lucy* told him, the Loſs of ſo good a Parent would not let her admit of Thoughts of that Kind; that Decency required ſome time to pay her Duty to his Memory; that Time, though it could never make her foget the beſt of Fathers, might leſſen the Sorrows ſhe then felt; allow her but a reaſonable Time, and ſhe promiſed him ſhe ſhould think of no other Man.

Though he did not like theſe Delays, he could not help approving her Reſolution; and taking her in his Arms, My dear *Lucy* ſaid he, I have reſolved throughout my whole Life to do nothing that ſhall diſoblige you; however hard the Taſk, I ſhall ſubmit to you, even in this. She reply'd, that from his Manner of ſpeaking ſhe looked upon what he had ſaid as ſome-

thing

thing more than Compliment, and hoped ſhe ſhould in time convince him that ſhe did ſo.

He conſtantly viſited her twice a Day, and ſhe received thoſe Viſits as from a Man who was one Day to be her Huſband. One Morning before he was up his Servant brought him a Letter, which he opened, and found the Contents to this Effect:

" SIR,

" The Conſtraint I have laid my-
" ſelf under obliges me to take this
" Method; if you will take the
" Trouble to be in the Walk behind
" the Church-yard this Evening at
" Nine, you may perhaps find one,
" neither old nor diſagreeable."

He read it over twice or thrice, and could not tell what to make of it.

He at first thought *Lucy* repented of having put off their Marriage, and had a Mind to surprize him in this agreeable Manner; but the Stile of the Letter, and the Uniformity of her Conduct, soon banished that Thought; but Curiosity, the Devil Curiosity, made him resolve —— what you shall know when we have set down our Folks at the Inn, and got them some Refreshment.

Squire *Blood* met them in the Yard, and laughed immoderately at the Hum he had put on them, being a great Artist in that Way. He told the old Lady he thought she look'd big already, and assured Mr. *Squeezum* he had been to fetch a Midwife for *Betty*, with other Strokes of Wit, of which this is but a Sample.

Miss *Nancy Hemit*, that was the young Milliner's Name, was just come down

down perfectly recovered from her Fatigue; and declared upon her Honour ſhe would not have left the Company ſo abruptly, but that Mr. *Blood*, who is a mere Wagg, (you wicked Man, ſaid ſhe, tapping him gently on the Shoulder, how could you ſerve one ſo?) ſaid he would wheel her round the Yard if ſhe would get up in his Chaiſe, which ſhe innocently did, and that he had drove off with her. Mr. *Gibbons* hoped ſhe was not an Heireſs, for in that Caſe Mr. *Blood* had laid himſelf open to the Law. The Law! ſays the Squire; I have a Thouſand a Year, d—n me; and a Figg for —— Breakfaſt being ſerved up, put an End to this Law Suit; during the Time of which, new Strokes of Wit were thrown about, till the Coachman informed them he was ready.

Poor

Poor Miſs *Nancy* was again taken with a violent Pain in her Head, which ſhe ſaid always increaſed by riding in a Coach; and the old Gentlewoman complained of the Forwardneſs of Wenches, riding upon the Fellows Backs, and other grave Things, which Miſs *Nancy* did not hear, having the Misfortune of being extremely deaf upon theſe Occaſions; but addreſſing herſelf to Mr. *Buckhorſe*, ſaid ſhe was very ſorry to rob him of Mr. *Blood*'s Company, and his Place in the Chaiſe; but really ſhe was ſo ill ſhe did not know what to do with herſelf. *Buckhorſe* ſaid ſhe was welcome, it was equal to him. Up ſhe got, and they all ſet forward; but before they did ſo, the old Gentlewoman found a Pain ſhe had in her Stomach increaſe, and deſired the Landlady to oblige her with another Glaſs of Cordial. *Buckhorſe* told her

he

he was afraid ſhe was Breeding. She told him for fear of that ſhe ſhould take her Eyes off him, leſt ſhe ſhould bring forth a Monſter. He replied, being ſomewhat ruffled, if ſhe was with Child it muſt be of a young Devil, for none but the old one himſelf could have made her ſo. The Coach ſetting off put an End to theſe Compliments, and introduced Stage Coach Converſation; ſuch as, it's a fine Day; I hope we ſhall have no Rain; a charming Road; a fine Country indeed; the beſt Time of Year for travelling; a very dear Houſe that *Angel*, but the Landlady is very civil, has been a fine Woman in her Time; this was followed by a long Silence, and that long Silence by a Continuation of *Lucy Thompſon*'s Hiſtory.

Trueman

Trueman kept the Appointment, ſaid Mr. *Gibbons*, and the Lady was punctual. Sir, ſays ſhe, you are, no doubt, ſurprized at an Aſſignation of this Kind, but will be much more ſo on knowing the Perſon with whom you have made it. I have ſtruggled a long Time againſt this Paſſion, as I know your Sentiments, and the Engagements you are under.— That Knowledge then, Madam, interrupted he briſkly, ſhould have been a Check to a Step of this Kind. Do not reproach me, my dear *Trueman*, ſaid ſhe, taking him gently by the Hand, I deſerve all that can be ſaid againſt me, but not from you. How I came to merit your Attention, Madam, ſaid he, I know not; but if you know, as you ſay you do, that my whole Soul is wrapt up in another, you pay me an ill Compliment to ſuppoſe my Heart can be ſo eaſily eſtranged from her. Ungrateful! ſaid ſhe, Have I

kept

kept my Reputation unſpotted till this Moment, and hazarded all on a cold Inſenſible? Beware! though you deſpiſe my Love, how you provoke my Rage. Hold, my little paſſionate Rogue, Daggers drawing already! I have not poſitively refuſed thee yet; 'tis true, I am engaged for Life; but if thou haſt as good a Face as *Potipher*'s Wife, I find *Joſeph*'s Example will have but little Weight with me. Hold, Madam, perceiving her going to reply, If I capitulate I expect honourable Terms. To ſpeak plainly, if a ſecond Place in my Heart can content you—I underſtand you; ſaid ſhe, and take you at your Word; then unmaſking, ſhew'd him a Face well known before. Mrs. *Thompſon!* ſaid he: Is it poſſible! It is poſſible, ſaid ſhe; you ſee what Lengths a Woman dares run when Love has taken poſſeſſion of her Heart. I thought, ſaid Mr. *Trueman*, you had always

forwarded

forwarded my Marriage with Miſs *Lucy*. I did ſo, replied the Lady, expecting by that Means to cure myſelf of my Folly, ſuch I own it to be, do not deſpiſe me for it; I would have conquered this Weakneſs, but all my Efforts to that Purpoſe have proved ineffectual; I am mad, and am ſcarcely aſhamed of being ſo; if ever Woman's Folly had an Excuſe, mine ſurely has. She threw her Arms about his Neck, and he returned her Embraces. Forgive him, *Lucy*, forgive him all ye tender Virgins; the Temptation was ſtrong, and *Trueman* fell.

Twelve that Night was the Hour of Aſſignation; he was to viſit *Lucy* to get admittance into the Houſe without Suſpicion. This unſuſpecting Fair-one received him with all the unaffected good Humour ſhe had always

ways done, which added Stings to his already wounded Conſcience. He reproached himſelf for Baſeneſs and Inſincerity, and reſolved to break his Promiſe to Mrs. *Thompſon*; but the Devil met him at the Bottom of the Stairs in the Shape of a fine Woman. It was Mrs. *Thompſon* herſelf, who, taking him by the Hand, led him, or rather drew him into her Chamber, the Door of which ſhe lock'd; though if ſhe had not, there was little to fear, as ſhe had taken care to ſend all the Servants to Bed. We may ſuppoſe, and Charity obliges us to do ſo, that Mr. *Trueman* ſpent the Night in laying the Nature of her Crime before her; but whatever Turn Charity and good Nature may give this Affair, I am afraid ſome will judge otherwiſe, from the Part they themſelves would have acted on ſuch an Occaſion.

Ten

Ten o'Clock next Morning found Mr. *Trueman* in his own Bed with a very diſagreeable Companion, a bad Conſcience; for that told him, in very plain Terms, he had acted a very unworthy Part; that it was quite inconſiſtent with the Character of an honeſt Man, and a ſincere Lover, as he pretended to be, to go ſuch Lengths with one Woman, and be under ſuch Engagements with another under the ſame Roof; that ſuch Behaviour was incompatible with the Rules laid down by true Honour; that no Love can be ſuppoſed ſincere, when ſo eaſily diverted from its Object; that Mrs. *Thompſon*'s Alliance with Miſs *Lucy* made the Crime ſtill greater; with many other Arguments of equal Force, which we have not Time to relate, as the Coach has juſt got to the *White Hart* at *Chippenham*, where, in good Manners, we ought to attend the Company;

pany; but are called Back to *Marlborough Downs* to the Aſſiſtance of Mr. *Blood* and the fair Milliner, who were ſtop'd on the Downs by a couple of Gentlemen, younger Brothers I ſuppoſe, who demanded their Money, Watches, and Rings. The Milliner declared ſhe had neither Rings, nor Watch, nor ever travelled with any. The Gentlemen very civilly d—d her for a B—h, and deſired Mr. *Blood* to be ſpeedy, they were in haſte, and could not wait on his Backſide all Day. They indeed made uſe of another Expreſſion, a Monoſylable, but of the ſame Meaning; which Coarſeneſs ſo ſurprized Mr. *Blood* that he had not Power to ſpeak. One of the Gentlemen taking an ungenerous Advantage of the Surprize he ſaw him under, aſcended the Vehicle, and began to feel what Moveables they were poſſeſs'd of; and in feeling the Lady, cryed out with ſome Emotion, *Jack*, what

do

do you ſay to a Bit this Morning? *Jack* gave his Conſent, and the Lady was deſired to ſtep down, they had ſomething of Conſequence to ſay to her; with which civil Requeſt ſhe was obliged to comply.

Mr. *Blood*, who at other Times was as brave as a Lion, by ſome unaccountable Fatality had not Power to move — to the Lady's Aſſiſtance I mean, but to a Place of Safety; having treaſured up *Hudibras*'s Maxim, *He that fights*, &c. He ſeized the lucky Opportunity, when the Gentlemen were employed in toſſing up who ſhould firſt breakfaſt on the Lady, and, no doubt, intended to raiſe the Country, in order, if poſſible, to prevent Miſs *Nancy*'s Ruin, who was going to be rob'd of that ineſtimable Jewel, her Chaſtity, by theſe Ruffians, which would have been a ſevere Stroke of Fortune indeed to her, as ſhe had

within

within a few Days ſuffered three or four Robberies of this Kind. Whether they rob'd her in that Manner or not, we cannot inform the Reader, but can with Pleaſure aſſure him they did not murder her; for if he will pleaſe but juſt to ſtep to *Chippenham*, he will find her at Dinner with the reſt of the Company, except Mr. *Blood*; who, whether through Fear, or Deſign, or Inattention, I can't ſay, had miſſed the Road.

He informed the Company, at his Arrival, of his having gone to a Farm Houſe, and getting two or three Country Fellows, to aſſiſt in reſcuing Miſs *Nancy*, and returning with this Reinforcement, ſaw the Fellows ride acroſs the Downs; that he purſued them as well as it was poſſible to do in a Carriage; that he overtook one, with whom he exchanged a Brace of Piſtols;

Piſtols; that he believed he had wounded him mortally, though he had got off over a Ditch, where it was impoſſible for him to purſue him; that he had received no Damage himſelf, but one of the Balls had gone through the Side of his Chaiſe, but very providentially had miſſed him; if he had been on Horſeback he ſhould have taken them both, dead or alive; it was a ſcandalous Thing that Gentlemen ſuffered themſelves tamely to be rob'd; it was their making no Defence that encouraged the Raſcals. I remember once in *Italy*—and was going to tell a long Story of his killing three Bravo's, and wounding two more, who had been hired to murder him, on account of an Amour with a Lady of Quality of that Country, to whom he alſo gave a Name, which I ſhall not mention, for the ſame Reaſon that I omit the Story, which is, that I have heard him confeſs it was a

Lye,

Lye, or, as he term'd it, a Humbug.

Miſs *Nancy*, to whom he had been telling this very Story juſt as the Robbers came up, told him with a Smile, mix'd with a little Contempt, ſhe believed Ladies were always very ſafe under his Protection; for that ſhe had heard People ſay, Diſcretion was as neceſſary on ſome Occaſions as Valour; that her own Obſervation furniſhed her with a Proof of this; for had he, when the Thieves were preſent, been half ſo valiant as he was in *Italy*, there might have been ſome Blood ſpilt. However, ſhe owed her Deliverance, ſhe ſaid, to a Friend of his, Sir *Harry Buck*, with three other Gentlemen, and Servants behind the Coach, came in Sight, juſt as your Back was turned, when you run for Aſſiſtance.—Sir *Harry!* ſays Mr. *Blood*,

I ſhall love him the better for it as long as I live; but why, added he, did not they take the Fellows? Why they, ſaid Miſs *Nancy*, I ſuppoſe thought fit to run for Aſſiſtance too; for as ſoon as the Coach appeared they gallop'd off as faſt as they could.

Mr. *Gibbons* could not help ſmiling at this laſt Thruſt of the Milliner's, which Mr. *Blood* parried by turning the Diſcourſe, and aſked who was along with Sir *Harry*? *Buckhorſe* told him, that one of them was the Man with the black Coat, and the Thing about his Hat, that dined at *Broughton*'s, and then went with them to *Richmond*. O, ſays *Blood*, the Parſon! Ay, a comical Dog, and a rare Hand at a Trencher; and he will bumper it for ſix Hours together, and never get fuddled. There is never a Fellow in *England* loves a Whore better, for all his Sanctity.

Sanctity. Many's the Time we have been at *Douglas*'s together. He has been a good Cuſtomer to *Sanxey* I aſſure you; and when he was but a Curate, I have known him have five or ſix Wenches with great Bellies in the Pariſh at one Time. Ah, he's a pickled Dog, for all his Canonicals. And here we think proper to inform the Reader of what we did but juſt hint at before, and that is, that Mr. *Blood* had a deal of that Sort of modern Wit, called *Humming*, which he put in Practice upon this Occaſion to divert the Company; for the Clergyman had not one of thoſe Virtues he ſo liberally beſtowed on him, being a very dull plodding Fellow, who would not have ſworn an Untruth to gain the fineſt Woman upon Earth; was as content with a Joint of Mutton as with the Calipaſh or Calipee of a Turtle; ſeldom drank above three or four

Glaſſes of Wine without Water; and though he loved and admired the fair Sex, would as ſoon have rob'd upon the Highway as have rob'd one of her Innocence; and often wondered why one Rogue ſhould be hanged for ſtealing a Shilling, and another eſcape for ſtealing a Million; for at ſo much he was Fool enough to value a Woman's Chaſtity. And as to Mr. *Sanxey*, I appeal to that Surgeon's Books, if among the many Names that figure in his Pages, he ever wrote that of *Goodman*. But in this Caſe we are able to produce negative Evidence, which may perhaps be thought as full and ſtrong as poſitive; that is, a fine florid Complexion, and ſtrong braced Nerves of the *Herculean* Kind. Health ſat ſmiling in his Forehead, and Peace of Mind in every Feature. It is true, he might be ſuſpected of meriting the Praiſe Mr. *Blood* beſtowed on him from keeping Sir *Harry Buck* Company,

which he did for a Living of Two Hundred Pounds a Year he expected, upon no better Grounds than the Baronet's ſolemn Promiſe.

Drawing the Character of Mr. *Goodman* in this Place ſerves two Purpoſes; it not only ſhews how far Mr. *Blood*'s Veracity may be depended on, but it gives the Coachman time to put his Horſes too.

CHAP. XII.

Lucy Thompſon's *Story continues.*

GLOVES, Fans, Capuchins, Cardinals and Cordials, being all got ready, the Company ſet forward; Meſſ. *Blood* and *Buckhorſe* in the former's Chaiſe, and Miſs *Hemit*, being intirely recovered of the Head-Ach that afflicted her in the Morning, was reconciled to her former Place in the Coach; and Mr. *Gibbons*, at the Deſire of Mr. *Squeezum* and the old Lady, continued the Story of *Lucy Thompſon.*

I left Mr. *Trueman*, ſaid he, and his Conſcience ſettling the Affair about Mrs. *Thompſon*, in which the latter uſed ſuch powerful Arguments as intirely convinced the former he had done wrong; he therefore promiſed he would

would no more be guilty of the Crime ſhe reproached him with. He waited on the Lady and informed her of the Scruples Conſcience had thrown in his Way.

A Pair of ſnowy Arms around his Neck, and a lovely Head reclined upon his Boſom, and the treacherous Handkerchief flying off and diſcovering the Beauty of her's, in one Moment undid what Conſcience had been labouring at all the Morning. He did what I am aſhamed to own; he ſin'd again, and again repented.

Half a Year had ſlipt through the different Avocations of Drinking, Hunting, Sinning, and Repenting; indeed viſiting *Lucy* was as regularly performed as if he had been the moſt conſtant Swain on all the Plains of *Arcadia*; for though he was young, and

we muſt own of an amorous Complexion, he was honeſt and ſincere.

They had not been ſo ſecret in their Tranſactions, but *Jenny*, her Maid, had got ſome ſcent of it; which ſhe, in an Hour of Dalliance, diſcloſed to Mr. *James*, who was in this Family Gentleman of the Horſe, Groom of the Stole, and Secretary of State. In the former Capacity he uſed to take an Airing with his Lady, and in the latter wrote her Diſpatches, except thoſe of a private Nature, ſuch as were now and then forwarded to Mr. *Trueman*. *James* was a likely Fellow, about five Feet ten Inches High, broad Shouldered, a ruddy Complexion, and very thick Calves to his Legs. With theſe Accompliſhments it is no wonder he gained Mrs. *Jenny*'s Affection. In his riding Dreſs eſpecially he was remarkably ſpruce and

neat,

neat, and was what the preſent Age calls a *Jemmy* Fellow; his Hair genteelly tied behind with a black Ribbon, a Gold laced Hat, a cloſe Frock and white Waiſtcoat, with neat Buckſkin Breeches; a well made Boot, which ſhewed his Leg to advantage, and a Pair of long-neck'd Spurs at the Extremity of each Heel. In ſhort, he was ſuch a Man as a Lady of very nice Stomach might make a Meal of well enough.

James had ſome how or other taken it into his Head that Miſs *Lucy* was a very handſome Girl, and that her Fortune was a very pretty Thing, but knew the Diſadvantages he lay under from his Situation; but as he had a Soul with ſome Seeds of Ambition in it, he did not totally deſpair. The Secret he had got from *Jenny* he thought was a Circumſtance he might improve to his Advantage, and waited

for ſome lucky Opportunity to put it in Practice.

The frequent Opportunity he had of riding out with his Lady made him more than commonly careful of his Perſon; and the Aſſiduity he ſhewed, and his Diligence in obeying her Commands, recommended him to her Notice.

By ſuch obliging Behaviour he thought ſomething might be expected, he knew not what; but by her Means ſomething might be done.

In one of their Morning Excurſions Mrs. *Thompſon*'s Horſe took fright, and ran away with her. She, though a very good Horſewoman, was not able to guide him. He came to a Ditch, which in attempting to leap, threw his Rider. *James* was not inſenſible of his Lady's Danger, and

came

came up time enough to diſentangle her Foot from the Stirrup, and ſave her from the Conſequences of the Fall. She was a good deal frighted, but, as ſoon as ſhe recollected herſelf, was apprehenſive her Poſition had not been the moſt decent, as ſhe had pitched upon her Head. She hinted ſomething of it to *James*. Madam, ſaid he, with a very graceful Bow, whatever Faults I may have, wan't of Diſcretion is not of the Number; I confeſs I have—here he fetch'd a deep Sigh, but 'tis, continued he the Lot of a happier Man.—What? ſays ſhe, Mr. *James*, affecting a Surprize. To Feaſt upon thoſe Charms, Madam, the Sight of which I have been ſo lately bleſt with. (Impudent Fellow! ſays the virtuous old Lady in the Coach, an Accident may happen to any Woman. Mr. *Gibbons* continued, without taking any Notice of her Remark.) What do you mean *James?* ſaid the Lady ſmiling; I

hope you do not ſuſpect my Virtue? I ſuſpect nothing, Madam, ſaid he, what I know ſhall always remain a Secret. *James*, ſaid the Lady, I do not underſtand you. I do not deſire you ſhould, Madam, replied he; but if Mr. *Trueman*—Mr. *Trueman!* Ha, has he been imprudent enough—No Imprudence, Madam, Chance directed me to the Knowledge. Well, I ſee Mr. *James*, 'tis in vain to deny.—What muſt be the Price of your Secrecy? One I dare not aſk, ſaid he, bowing ſubmiſſively. Well, ſaid Mrs. *Thompſon* viewing him all over, I know none I can refuſe to your Generoſity and Diſcretion. Permit me then, Madam, ſaid he eagerly, to take the greateſt, 'tis in your Power to beſtow; and, taking her in his Arms, committed ſuch a Rape upon her Lips as ſhe ſcarcely knew how to pardon. Fie Mr. *James*, ſaid ſhe, I did not think you would have aſked a Reward of

this Kind. Who, Madam, could, on looking on that Face, have aſked another? What, no other, Mr. *James*? looking down and bluſhing, or affecting ſo to do. (Forward Huſſey! ſays the old Gentlewoman.) This Liberty once granted, continued Mr. *Gibbons*, he proceeded to others, till at length he took the laſt. (I expected that, ſays the old Lady. What would you have her do? ſays Mr. *Squeezum*, archly, poor Lady! She was in the Fellow's Power, alone, and I ſuppoſe far from any Houſe; ſhe was not to blame. Not to blame! ſaid the Lady; I ſhould have torn the naſty Fellow's Eyes out. The Dragoon is not blind yet, I think ſays *Squeezum*, with a malicious Sneer. Sir, ſays the Lady, you know that was an Accident; had I known—Come, proceed Mr. *Gibbons*, ſaid *Squeezum*, I long to hear how the virtuous Lady reſented the impudent Fellow's Behaviour.)

She,

She, continued Mr. *Gibbons*, carried on her Amour with him many Months, till he had got the Aſcendant over her ſo much, that he became Maſter of her Houſe, as well as of her Perſon; and he began to conceive his Scheme upon *Lucy* might be brought about by her Means. Madam, ſaid he, one Night as they lay in Bed together, though I am extreamly happy in the Poſſeſſion of ſo fine a Woman, yet I know your Pride will never let you take me for your Huſband, and you know young Fellows will puſh themſelves in the World if poſſible. I have a Scheme in my Head, which, if you will aſſiſt me in, I promiſe you the greateſt Returns of Gratitude in my Power. What is it Mr. *James*? ſaid ſhe; if I can ſerve you, you need not doubt my Inclination.

Madam,

Madam, ſaid he, Miſs *Lucy*—*Lucy!* What of her? Why, Madam, though I adore you above any Woman upon Earth, and ſhall never love any other, yet Miſs *Lucy*'s Fortune. Ay, ſays ſhe, the Inconſtancy of Men! 'Tis not Inconſtancy, I am incapable of Change, but ſomething muſt be done for my Advancement in the World. He ſpoke this with ſo reſolute a Tone, that Mrs. *Thompſon* began to think it was neceſſary to aſſiſt him in whatever he ſhould propoſe. She told him that though by forwarding his Affair with *Lucy*, ſhe ran the Hazard of loſing his Inclination, yet ſhe would give him a Proof of her Love; propoſe what he would, ſhe would aſſiſt him. He then told her his Deſign was to marry Miſs *Lucy*, but it required a great deal of Management to bring it to bear; he had conſidered of all the likely Means, but found none ſo ſure as debauching her. Mrs. *Thompſon* was

a little ſtartled at the Word debauch, but ſhe had engaged her Honour, and there was no receding.

The Manner how this was to be effected became the next Subject of Conſideration. Several Methods were thought on; at laſt Mrs. *Thompſon* ſaid, leave it to me; but will you promiſe, my dear *James*, that if I put you in Poſſeſſion of this Girl, you will not abandon me. He promiſed; he did more than promiſe; he gave her ſuch convincing Proofs of his Love for her, as intirely removed all her Scruples.

The next Day ſhe directed him to riſe in the Middle of the enſuing Night, and make an outcry of Thieves, which would alarm the Family, and leave, ſaid ſhe, the reſt to me.

In

In the Night, according to his Inſtructions, he alarmed the Houſe with a Cry of Houſe Breakers; the Family were in the utmoſt Conſternation; the Doors and Windows were all examined; the Cellars, Garrets, and Out-Houſes all ſearched; no Thief could be found; and all the Family agreed to go to Bed again, concluding it to be a falſe Alarm. Mrs. *Thompſon* indeed was ſo much frighted at the Thoughts of being murdered in her Bed, that ſhe could not bring herſelf to the Thoughts of lying alone, and beg'd of Miſs *Lucy* to keep her Company for that Night. The unſuſpecting Girl conſented; and a proper Signal having before been agreed on, ſhe was no ſooner aſleep than *James* was admitted.

We muſt draw a Veil over this Night's Tranſaction, 'tis too horrid for Deſcription; the unhappy Girl was undone,

undone, and with this aggravating Circumſtance, that at the End of three Months ſhe found herſelf with Child.

The Agonies ſhe felt in her deplorable Caſe may be eaſier conceived than deſcribed; the Certainty of her Shame on one hand, and the daily Importunities of *James* for Marriage on the other, were equally inſupportable to her. She entertained Thoughts of deſtroying herſelf, but conſidered it as a double Guilt. She was not conſenting to her Shame, that gave her ſome Conſolation; but the ill-judging World ſhe knew would put the moſt unfavourable Conſtruction upon the Affair. She had thoughts of diſcloſing it to Mr. *Trueman*, but Shame and Honour both forbid it.

As it never entered into her Head that one Woman could betray another, ſhe

ſhe never in the leaſt ſuſpected her Mother-in-Law; but adviſing with her what was fit to be done on the melancholy Occaſion, received ſuch Advice, which, with ſome Hints that were dropt, gave her room for Suſpicion.

Jenny, it has before been obſerved, was of the ſame Opinion as her Miſtreſs, and thought *James* a very handſome Fellow; but finding a ſenſible Decay in his Affection, was a long Time at a loſs to know to what cauſe ſhe muſt impute it; but as Jealouſy is inquiſitive, ſhe ſoon found out the Cauſe, and likewiſe overheard the Converſation that paſt between *Lucy* and her Mother.

Jenny after returned thanks that ſhe had the good Fortune to be born in a Proteſtant Country, where innocent Converſation between the different

Sexes

Sexes was not prevented by Stone Walls, or Iron Bars; to ſay the Truth, ſhe had no Nun's Fleſh about her, but never could allow it was fair in the Play of Love to take any other Advantage than what Words and Kiſſes gave a Man. She cryed out againſt Fraud, or Force, and hated a Procureſs as ſhe hated the Devil.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The Story goes on.

WHETHER from *Jenny*'s Hatred to a Procureſs, or to Force and Fraud; whether from her Love of Juſtice, or of Miſs *Lucy*; whether from Jealouſy and Revenge, or altogether I can't ſay; but ſhe delivered the following Letter into the afflicted Lady's Hands, which was one Mr. *James* had received from a Friend in *London*, in Anſwer, as it appears by the Contents, to one he had wrote, giving an Account of the proſperous Way his Affairs were in this Family, and his Deſign on the young Lady's Fortune. The Letter ran thus:

" Dear

" Dear *Jemmy*,

" I hop you are well, as I am at " this preſent Riting; I received thoſe " few Lines your was pleaſed to ſend " me, and am glad your Affairs goes " on ſo well; I am glad Mrs. *Tompſon* " has promiſed to aſſiſt you in your " Deſign on her Dauter; I drink her " Health many a Time; ſhe's a dear " good Woman; very fewe would " cary their Love ſo far; but don't " throw out the dirty Water till you " have got clean; that is, don't for- " ſake the Mother till you are ſure of " the Dauter; from your loving " Friend, till Deth.

Gilbert Hunter.

" *P. S.* Direct for me at the two " *Chairmen*, near the Cook-Shop, the " Corner of *Black-lyon-Court*, in " *Brown's Rents*, the lower End of

" *Swallow-*

" *Swallow-Street*, near St. *James's*
" *Church, Piccadilly.*"

" *Molly* and *Peggy* both gives their
" Loves to you, and begs you'd mind
" your Hits, and leave nothing to
" Chance.

" *Ned Harrington* (poor *Ned* is out
" of Place, I forgot to tell you that)
" and *Will Cornwallis*, and *Bryan*
" *Rourk* the Chairman, all give their
" Compliments, and wiſh you Succeſs
" in the Affair you know."

Preſerve me Heaven! cried the afflicted Girl, is it poſſible? Can there be ſuch a Monſter? Oh wretched, wretched me, what had I done to merit ſo ſevere a Stroke? Ruined! loſt! undone! expoſed! become the Jeſt of Alehouſe Wretches; 'tis too much, I cannot—She had not Power

to

to expreſs more, but fell upon the Bed on which ſhe ſat. *Jenny*, with much trouble, brought her to herſelf; it was but for a Moment though; for crying out, O God! O God! ſhe fainted away again. The Noiſe brought Mrs. *Thompſon* into the Room, who felt Compunction at the Condition in which ſhe beheld the unhappy young Lady, and almoſt repented the Part ſhe had acted in her Undoing. She did all in her Power to bring her to herſelf, which, after ſome Time, was effected. As ſoon as this much-to-be-pitied Lady opened her Eyes and ſaw her Mother, ſhe cried out, Oh, Madam,— and fainted away again. It was hardly in the Power of Mrs. *Thompſon* and *Jenny* to recover her from this Fit, her Spirits were ſo exhauſted. She continued a long Time inſenſible. At length ſhe recovered Senſe enough to deſire *Jenny* to help her to Bed, where ſhe continued above a Fortnight in a high

high Fever; during each Interval praying to be releaſed from the Load of Miſery ſhe laboured under.

Mrs. *Thompſon* knowing too well the Cauſe of her Illneſs, dared not aſk *Jenny* any Queſtions, leaſt it ſhould occaſion an Explanation which ſhe by no Means deſired to come to.

At length Youth and a good Conſtitution got the better of *Lucy*'s Diſorder, and ſhe recovered, though but ſlowly; but as her bodily Pain grew leſs, that of the Mind increaſed. Every Object ſhe ſaw about her renewed her Sorrow, and ſhe reſolved to fly from this Scene of Guilt and Miſery. She determined to go to *London* to an Aunt ſhe had there, who was her Father's Sifter; and was a Pattern to her Sex, as her Brother had been to his.

This

This Reſolution ſhe reſolved to put into immediate Execution, and for that Purpoſe ſent for an old Woman, who had been her Nurſe, to whom ſhe communicated her Intention, and the Cauſe of it; but withal enjoined her to Secrecy, for the Wretches, ſhe ſaid, who had dared to go ſuch Lengths, would ſtop at nothing.

The poor old Woman burſt into a Flood of Tears, and after a thouſand Execrations on the Villany of her Mother-in-Law, ſaid ſhe approved her Reſolution, and told her her Son ſhould be ready that Evening to attend her where ſhe pleaſed, and did not doubt but *Thomas* would defend her, if there ſhould be Occaſion, againſt her Enemies, or loſe his Life in her Defence; though, by croſſing the Country, ſhe might evade any Purſuit. That ſhe herſelf would take a Place in the

the Stage the next Morning, and be at *London* ready to receive her, for ſhe would not leave her in her preſent Diſtreſs.

Lucy thank'd the good old Woman, and would have prevailed upon her not to think of going; ſhe was old, and the Fatigue might endanger her Life. I wiſh my laying it down, ſaid the poor Woman, could reſtore my dear Child to her Peace of Mind, I would freely do it; however, be of good Cheer, Providence has many Ways to bring about its great Deſigns; your Aunt is a good Woman, and her wiſe Council will adminiſter ſome Relief to your Affliction.

Lucy gave her Nurſe as many of her Cloaths as could be conveyed away without Sufpicion, and employed the Remainder of the Day in packing up what was moſt valuable; and, as ſoon

as it was dark, went to the Place appointed, where her Nurſe's Son waited ready to receive her. They took the Road to *Coventry*, as being leaſt liable to be ſuſpected, and in three Days arrived at *London*, where the good old Nurſe had got the Day before.

Next Morning ſhe took Coach with her faithful Companion, and drove to her Aunt's in *Berkley-Square*,— but, good God! who can deſcribe her Aſtoniſhment, Grief, and Surprize, when the Moment ſhe came to the Door her Aunt's dead Body was putting into a Hearſe, to be conveyed into *Northamptonſhire* for Burial.

We ſhall ſpare our good-natured Reader the Uneaſineſs a Recital of the Agonies ſhe felt at this new Shock muſt give him; let it ſuffice, that ſhe drove back to the Inn without any Signs of Life, and in this uncomfort-

able

able Place kept her Bed three Weeks; her faithful Nurſe, conſtantly by her Bed-ſide, ſupplied her with ſuch Neceſſaries as ſhe ſtood in need of.

When ſhe was enough recovered to be able to remove, ſhe took a lodging at a Mantua-Maker's near *Charing-Croſs*; where ſhe patiently—at leaſt with as much Patience as ſhe could ſummon to her Aid, waited the Time of her Delivery.

The greateſt Grief finds ſome Relief from Time; Mr. *Trueman* had ſcarce ever been out of her Thoughts, and ſhe at length grew compoſed enough to write him the following Letter.

" SIR,

" The Cauſe of my Flight muſt for
" ever remain a Secret to you as well as
" my Abode; you may be aſſured that

" no common Accident could have
" occaſioned my taking a Step of this
" Kind; and the ſame Motive which
" induced me to take it, has made me
" reſolve never more to ſee you.—
" Of this however be aſſured, that
" wherever I am, Mr. *Trueman* will
" always be next the Heart of the
" unfortunate

LUCY THOMPSON."

By the ſame Poſt ſhe forwarded this to her Mother-in Law.

" Madam,

" My Flight requires no Apology
" to you; your own Conſcience will
" inform you of the Reaſons I had to
" induce me to it; may a ſincere Re-
" pentance intitle you to that Mercy
" we both ſtand ſo much in need
" of."

The

The Uneaſineſs Mr. *Trueman* felt at *Lucy*'s Departure, was not a Bit removed by the Receipt of this Letter. He knew not what to think, but fancied he found in the Stile, Reſentment, mixed with Tenderneſs; and concluded at laſt, that ſhe muſt have diſcovered his Affair with Mrs. *Thompſon*.

Villain, that I am ſaid he, to have forfeited all Pretenſions to ſo much Excellence for the Gratification of a brutal Appetite. Love, if I know myſelf, could have no Share in my Tranſgreſſion. Curſe on my Folly; Curſe on the vile Woman who is the Cauſe of my Separation from what is dearer to me than my Soul.—Not ſee thee more! Yes I will ſee thee, if this World contains thee, if it was but to puniſh myſelf by looking on the Treaſure I have loſt.

Lucy waited the Hour of her Delivery with Impatience, as ſhe hoped it would put an End to her Miſery; which ſhe the more earneſtly deſired, as her little Stock of Money was almoſt gone, and knew not, after her Lying-in, what Courſe to take.

She ſeldom ſtirred out, unleſs to Church. One Morning as ſhe was going there, ſhe perceived a Man, dreſſed like a Porter, follow her, but took little Notice; but no ſooner had ſhe got into her Pew, than ſhe ſaw the ſame Fellow ſtanding in the Iſle pretty near her, and ſeemed every now and then to take particular Notice of her; but not being acquainted with the Ways of the Town, thought it might be Accident. When the Service was over ſhe returned Home, and looking behind, ſaw the ſame Man after her. She was apprehenſive her Mother-in-

Law

Law had diſcovered her Retreat, but recollecting that none but her Nurſe was intruſted with the Secret, that Thought ſoon vaniſhed.

In the Afternoon her Landlady paid her a Viſit, which was the firſt ſhe had ever received from her; and, after mutual Civilities, told her ſhe had taken Notice that ſhe appeared melancholy, and wondered what could make a Lady, young and beautiful as ſhe was, live ſo retired, and preſſed her to come down and drink a Diſh of Tea with her.

Lucy would gladly have excuſed herſelf, but the other importuned her ſo, that ſhe at laſt conſented. During the Time of Tea, the Landlady entertained her with the different Modes of Dreſs; and, finding ſhe was a Stranger in Town, expatiated on the Beauties of *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, and *Marybone*;

and then introducing the Playhouſes, aſked her if ſhe had ever ſeen a Play in Town. The other anſwered, ſhe had not. Mrs. *Joinem*, that was the Mantua-Maker's Name, ſaid ſhe was glad ſhe had it in her Power to oblige her then, for there was a Benefit Play that Night, and there was no reſiſting the Importunity of Friends; that Trades-People were under Contribution to theſe Sort of Gentry, who were allowed yearly a Charity Play; and one would ſerve poor People you know: though, for my Part, added ſhe, there are other Sort of People that in my Opinion deſerve it much better; and concluded with making *Lucy* an Offer of a Ticket.

She, whoſe Mind was not turned to Diverſions, thanked her for her obliging Offer, and was ſorry ſhe was obliged to decline the Favour. Indeed, my dear Miſs *Thompſon*, ſaid the Mantua-Maker,

Maker, you muſt go, you'll kill your-ſelf by being moped up in this Man-ner; come, your Spirits are low, you muſt not give Way to theſe Things; and running to her Cloſet, brought out a Glaſs of Cordial, and preſſed her to drink it; which ſhe the readier complied with, as ſhe felt an unuſual Dejection of Spirits.

Mrs. *Joinem* uſed ſo many Argu-ments, that ſhe at length prevailed upon *Lucy* to go with her to the Play; and as they went pretty ſoon, they got into the Middle of the Pit, and were ſaluted at their Entrance by a grave Gentleman, who, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. *Joinem*, hoped ſhe was very well, her Looks ſeemed to indicate as much, but wondered where ſhe had buried herſelf, he had not had the Pleaſure of ſeeing her of a long Time. A good deal of Chit-chat paſt between them, with which we ſhall not trouble the

Reader. I think we are very happy, my dear Miſs *Thompſon*, ſaid the Mantua-maker in ſetting near this Gentleman, who, by frequenting the Playhouſes, is able to give us what Information we may want in regard to the Players; for my Part I hardly know any of them.— Pardon me, Madam, ſaid the Gentleman, interrupting her, I think you called this young Lady, *Thompſon*; I have a great Regard for the Name; I had a Siſter married to a very worthy Clergyman of that Name in *Northamptonſhire*. In *Northamptonſhire!* Sir, ſaid *Lucy*. Yes, Madam, replied the Gentleman, her Maiden Name was *Smith*, ſhe has been dead ſome Years; I uſed regularly to pay them a Viſit once a Year during my Siſter's Life-time, but ſince her Death I have not been in that Country. Pray, Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, what was your Siſter's Chriſtian Name?

Lucy,

Lucy, Madam, ſaid the Gentleman; ſhe left one Daughter of the ſame Name, who muſt be now, if living, about Seventeen. Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, trembling, I am that Daughter, and came up to viſit an Aunt about two Months ago, who died but three Days before I came to Town. Poor Mrs. *Ridgly!* ſaid the Gentleman, I was very much concerned at her Death, ſhe was a valuable Woman; but I am extreamly glad, my dear Neice, permit me to call you ſo, that Chance has favoured me with a Sight of you; I did purpoſe, added he, to have waited on your Father this Summer, and have beg'd you of him; for as I have no Children of my own, the little I have I always deſigned for you. Alas! Sir, ſays ſhe, my poor Father is no more; in him I have loſt the beſt of Fathers, and of Men. I knew his Worth, ſaid the Gentleman, your Loſs is indeed great;

great; but, whilſt I live, you ſhall not want a Father. The Play being juſt began, prevented any farther Converſation.

Lucy's Thoughts were more engaged by this lucky Diſcovery than by the Play. She had heard her Father ſpeak of a Brother her Mother had in *London*; but finding no Direction amongſt his Papers how to enquire after him, concluded the Search would be in vain.

The Play being finiſhed, he aſked his Niece to Supper, and politely inſiſted on Mrs. *Joinem* favouring them with her Company, which ſhe as politely accepted of. A Hackney Coach was called, which drove them to a Houſe in great *Ruſſel-Street*, *Bloomſbury-Square*, genteel, though not elegantly furniſhed. He introduced his Company into a Dining-room, where ſat an elderly

elderly Lady, whom the Gentleman embraced, and to whom he introduced Miſs *Lucy*. My Dear, ſaid he, this is my Niece, whom you have ſo often heard me ſpeak of. The Lady ſaluted her with a great deal of Affection, and after mutual Civilities, aſked the Gentleman if the young Lady was like her Mother? And being anſwered in the Affirmative; upon my Word then, added ſhe, your Siſter was a fine Woman. Miſs *Lucy* bluſhed, but took no other Notice of the Compliment.

A very elegant Supper was ſerved up, which *Lucy* did but juſt taſte, her Mind being taken up with this Diſcovery, and the melancholy Situation ſhe was in. The Clock ſtruck twelve, and Mrs. *Joinem* roſe to be gone. The Gentleman inſiſted on her ſitting down again; it was cruel, he ſaid, to rob him ſo ſoon of his Niece's Company,

whom

whom he had not ſeen for ſo many Years. Miſs *Lucy* likewiſe expreſſed ſome Uneaſineſs at being out ſo late; but Mrs. *Joinem* told her, as they were in ſuch good Company, ſhe would ſtay, if ſhe pleaſed, another half Hour. To which the young Lady making no reply, Mrs. *Joinem* ſat down again.

The Glaſs went merrily round with the Gentleman, Mrs. *Joinem*, and the old Lady. The Clock ſtruck one, and *Lucy* ſtarted, and inſiſted upon going. The Gentleman proteſted, as ſoon as the Bottle was out, they ſhould go; but, added he, my dear *Lucy*, you had better ſtay, and take a Bed here; we can make ſhift for Mrs. *Joinem* too. The old Lady aſſured them they could not do her a greater Pleaſure. They both refuſed the Bed, but conſented to ſtay the Time limited by the Gentleman. *Lucy*, after a Glaſs, which the Company preſſed her

to

to drink, found herſelf ſo drowzy as not to be able to keep her Eyes open. She grew inſenſible, and fell faſt aſleep.

Next Morning ſhe found herſelf in Bed—not at Mrs. *Joinem*'s, but in this very Houſe, with her Uncle by her Side. Good God! ſhe cried, what is this? Am I betrayed? Inhuman Monſter! Where am I? Safe enough, my dear, ſaid the Gentleman, in his Arms who loves you, and did from the firſt Moment he ſaw you. My lovely Girl, pardon this Deceit; I am not your Uncle; the Woman you ſaw laſt Night is not my Wife; Mrs. *Joinem* is — and then he proceeded to tell her how he had given the latter twenty Guineas for contriving the Scheme; that the Houſe ſhe was in was deſigned for ſuch Purpoſes. Mrs. *Joinem*, added he, wormed your Secret out of

your

your Nurſe, and I have made an Advantage which I cannot repent of; my Fortune is ſufficient to keep you in Affluence, and my Rank in Life ſuch as will put you above Detraction. Your Indiſpoſition laſt Night was owing to ſome Laudanum conveyed in your Glaſs by the Mantua-maker, for my Impatience could not brook Delay. I know your Condition, and I know your own good Senſe and Modeſty will not permit you to make this Affair publick; what is done cannot be undone; you are in my Power.— Yes, barbarous Man, ſaid ſhe, recovering from a Fit, I am in your Power; but is there no Power of whom you are afraid? Do you not dread that Heaven will ſhower down its ſevereſt Judgments on your Head for ſo much Perfidy? Let Heaven and I alone, Madam, to ſettle that Affair, replied he calmly, if you can forgive me.—Baſe Man, ſaid ſhe, how

can

can you hope Forgiveneſs? Am not I ruined! undone! blaſted!—You were ſo before, Madam, and I would adviſe you to be calm. All I can ſay in this Matter is, if you chuſe to be ſilent, and promiſe to be mine, you ſhall be releaſed immediately, and I ſhall take care of your Infant. What! add Inſult to Cruelty! ſaid ſhe, weeping. If you know my ſad Story, and are a Gentleman, you ought rather to pity than inſult me. You have had a Mother, Siſters perhaps; by them I conjure you releaſe me, and I ſhall endeavour to forgive you. Oh! ungenerous Man, had another taken the ſame cruel Advantage of a Daughter of your's, his Life would perhaps have paid the Forfeit of his Villany. Can you approve that in yourſelf which you would ſo ſeverely puniſh in another? Save me, I conjure you; ſave me from the Infamy that muſt neceſſarily attend my further Stay in this Houſe.

Houſe. Well, Madam, ſaid he, pauſing, upon one Condition (for I hate ſo much whining) I will releaſe you. Name it, ſaid ſhe, eagerly. It is, ſaid he, that you tarry here till Night, then ſuffer yourſelf to be conveyed away in a Chair without aſking any Queſtions; for your d—d Virtue may perhaps incline you to give this poor Woman Trouble. She agreed to this, and waited till Night; when he having given the neceſſary Directions to two Chairmen, they ſet her down where ſhe directed.

She returned to her Lodging with a heavy Heart, not knowing what Courſe to take. Mrs. *Joinem*, who ſaw her go up, followed her, and proteſted ſhe had been in the utmoſt Pain for her on account of the Condition ſhe left her in laſt Night, but was glad to ſee her, ſhe looked charmingly. Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, warmly, I find I miſtook

miſtook your Character, but 'tis my Misfortune to fall into bad Hands. Bad Hands! ſaid Mrs. *Joinem*, what do you mean, Madam? Pray leave me, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, I am not in a Condition to hold a Converſation now; all I have to ſay to you is, that I ſhall quit your Houſe to-morrow Morning. The ſooner the better truly, replied the other; I do not deſire to let my Lodgings to any but honeſt People. I would have you know, Madam, I value my Character more than ſome Folks; truly mine is not a Houſe for Footmen's Drabs. So ſaying, ſhe flung out of the Room, and left poor *Lucy* in an Agony not to be expreſſed.

Her poor Nurſe endeavoured all ſhe could to comfort her. Oh! Heavens, cried *Lucy*, whither will my ill Fate purſue me? 'Tis to your Imprudence, ſaid ſhe to the Nurſe, I owe this ſe-

cond

cond Misfortune. You diſcovered my Secret to this vile Woman, of which ſhe has taken a cruel Advantage. The Nurſe beg'd her Pardon; ſaid ſhe had indeed mentioned her Name, and the Place ſhe came from, but never a Word of her Misfortune; and ſaid the Mantua-maker muſt needs deal with the Devil, who had informed her of the whole Affair; and ſhe in return had laid the Plot to ruin her, which was too black for the Devil himſelf to appear in, and by which ſhe had been a ſecond Time betrayed; but, upon examining the Apartments with more Attention than they had hitherto done, they found a large Cloſet, or rather a ſmall Room, in which Lumber was kept, and in which there was a Door that opened into another Apartment; from this Room they found it was eaſy to hear and ſee every Thing that was done or ſaid in their's; they therefore

concluded

concluded Mrs. *Joinem* had heard the Story by concealing herſelf there.

She took another Lodging at a reputable Houſe, having firſt inquired into the People's Character; which Precaution, had ſhe uſed before, ſhe probably had eſcaped this ſecond Snare; as any of the Neighbours muſt have informed her, that Mrs. *Joinem*'s Trade of Mantua-making, was not half ſo profitable to her, as her other Trade of procuring.

A few Days informed her ſhe was more obliged to the Gentleman than ſhe at firſt apprehended, for he had made her a Preſent—but of ſuch a Nature as will ſhock my good-natured Reader; he had given her the foul Diſeaſe.

This new Shock ſhe bore with more Conſtancy than could be expected.

Heaven's

Heaven's will be done, ſaid ſhe. If I am marked out to ſuffer, repining is in vain, I muſt endeavour to ſubmit. This is carrying Wickedneſs to a high Pitch indeed! Are there not unhappy Women enough content to be the Slaves of Luſt? Why ſhould Mankind delight in adding to the Number of the Wretched?—O! God, thou know'ſt my Mind was not conſenting to my Crime; thy Mercy muſt abſolve what thy Juſtice may perhaps condemn.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Concluſion of Lucy Thompſon's *Story.*

SHE ſoon found it neceſſary to come to an immediate Reſolution, for her Diſtemper was advancing by large Strides; but who to apply to ſhe knew not, and her Nurſe being alſo a Stranger in Town, knew not how to adviſe; but ſhaking off her natural Timidity, ſhe wrote to a Surgeon in the Manner following:

" SIR,

" If you can conceive that a " Woman who wants your Aſſiſtance " may alſo deſerve your Pity, you " will not refuſe her both, though told " your Reward can only be in a " better World than this."

She

She diſpatched her Nurſe with this Billet, who, in about an Hour returned with the Surgeon; who addreſſed *Lucy* ſmiling, Madam, ſaid he, I obey your Summons chearfully; be not caſt down; I am ſo good a Phyſiognomiſt, that I plainly perceive this is the firſt Viſit you ever received from any of our Profeſſion upon ſuch an Occaſion; ſo far as your Condition will give you leave, rouze your Spirits; I am ſorry there can be any of my Sex ſo ſuperlatively wicked as to throw ſo much Innocence and Beauty into ſuch Confuſion; my Aſſiſtance you ſhall command; your Health, I hope, will be ſhortly reſtored, and I ſhall truſt for my Reward to that World where you have referred me.

Tears of Joy fell from this young Lady's Eyes, and ſhe expreſs'd her Thanks in the warmeſt Manner. He

muſt

muſt be leſs than Man, Madam, ſaid the Surgeon, who is not moved by ſuch amiable Sorrow. Dry your Tears, and be aſſured I ſhall always think my Skill and Purſe well employed in the Service of diſtreſſed Innocence.

He left her proper Medicines, and viſited her daily. Her Health returned, and ſhe grew more chearful, or rather leſs melancholy. One Day, after his uſual Viſit, he took the Nurſe apart, and giving her a Couple of Guineas, bid her not let her Miſtreſs want for any Thing. I would not, ſays he, ſhock her Delicacy; but let her know I have provided a proper Perſon, of her own Sex, to aſſiſt her at the Time of her Delivery.

She perfectly recovered by the extraordinary Care of this extraordinary Surgeon, and in about three Weeks

after her Cure, her Labour-Pains fell on her. The Midwife recommended by the Surgeon attended, and laid her of a dead Child.

I forgot to mention one Circumſtance, which was, that the Mantua-maker had prevented her being obliged to pawn her Things, by lending her Ten Pounds and taking her Note for it.

Being recovered from her Lying-in, ſhe was going one Morning to return thanks to the Surgeon, when ſhe was ſtop'd by two Fellows, who told her they had a Writ againſt her. She, who had never heard of a Writ before, was extremely ſurprized, and deſired to know what they meant. They told her ſhe was arreſted at the Suit of Mrs. *Joinem* for Ten Pound. She fell into Tears, and deſired to know what ſhe

muſt

muſt do? Do! ſays one; why you muſt either pay the Money, or go to Goal, that's all. I'll allow you two Hours to think about the Matter.

A Coach was called, which drove to the Houſe of one of theſe Fellows, who diſgrace Humanity, and ſeldom take up that Employment till they have cheated all they could. Her Surprize at ſeeing herſelf in the Hands of theſe execrable Raſcals, was nothing to what ſhe felt when ſhe entered the Houſe. There ſhe ſaw the Gentleman (if he deſerves that Name) who decoyed her from the Playhouſe. Do not affright yourſelf, Madam, ſaid he, with an inſulting Laugh; Things will go better; I come on purpoſe to ſerve you. Heaven defend me from your Service, ſaid ſhe, throwing herſelf into a Chair, is there any more Miſchief going forward? If there is, let me know the worſt, that I may arm myſelf againſt it.

Madam, ſaid he cooly, 'tis your own Fault if any further Trouble happens to you. I have brought a Writing, by which I ſettle Two Hundred Pounds a Year on you, ſhall diſcharge you from this Affair, and give you inſtantly One Hundred Guineas to furniſh yourſelf with Trinkets. The Alternative is dreadful; a Goal with all its Horrors! — I embrace it, ſaid ſhe, eagerly. Why, Sir, ſhould you preſume to make the Offer? What, becauſe you baſely and inhumanly took Advantage of deſigned Villainy, does it follow that my Mind is vitiated? No, a Goal with all its dreadful Train of Horrors I prefer to Splendor, on Conditions ſuch as thoſe you offer. I am ſorry then, Madam, I muſt tell you that I believe you will have your Choice; for your Friend, the Surgeon, added he with a Sneer, is out of Town, and won't return this Fortnight. Heaven's will be done, ſaid ſhe, lifting up

her

her Eyes, this is a ſevere Stroke: But where I am to go? What is to become of me? You beſt can anſwer your own Queſtion, Madam, ſaid he; and, that you may have time to think upon it, I take my leave.

After his Departure, the Officer's Wife, who had juſt as much of the Milk of human Kindneſs as her Huſband, aſcended the Stairs. Where is this fooliſh Girl? ſaid ſhe, ſitting down. I am ſorry for you, poor Thing. Theſe curſed Stairs! I am ſo Fat, it's an Hour's Work for me to get up; but I longed to ſee you. By my Troth, and ſo you are very handſome indeed. I don't wonder at his Lordſhip. To be ſure, a Priſon is the Devil! One would not, to be ſure, be naught if one could help it; but, to be ſure, there are a great many good People have been made naught. Theſe

Men are the Devil to be ſure;—and then proceeded to tell what a ſevere Attack had been made upon her Virtue formerly; tho'ſ, to be ſure, the Gentleman did not offer to ſettle Two Hundred Pound a Year on her, nor was he a Lord. Efakins, if I was a Man, I ſhould be of his Lordſhip's Opinion too; for you are very handſome, that's what you are, and Two Hundred Pounds a Year is a very pretty Thing; and then he is ſo generous, to be ſure he will make it double preſently. Indeed, continued ſhe, ſeeing *Lucy* made no reply, I pity the poor unhappy Girls that go to Goals, they are ſo toſſed and hauled about by the Fellows; not but there are agreeable ones enough in the *Marſhalſea* among the Seamen, who come aſhore ſharp ſet; but then you know—My Service to you, Miſs *Thompſon*; I ſay, you know, if one was ever ſo fond of

them,

them, one would like to lie alone ſometimes. The latter Part of this Diſcourſe awaked poor *Lucy*'s Attention. Is there then, ſhe cried, no Protection in theſe Places for the Unhappy? I thought Impriſonment and its conſequent Hunger was all that a Wretch had to ſtruggle with. And enough too, ſaid the Viſitant; for a Woman might periſh if it was not for the few Pence ſhe may pick up by obliging the Gentlemen. O God! cried the afflicted Girl, is there no Alternative? Ruin each Way! No Matter, 'tis certain here; I'll truſt to Providence, and go to Goal; Death may relieve me. I ſay Death too! ſaid the good Lady: A fine young Creature, talk of dying! No, no, if a Woman can't help it, why ſhe can't help it; you are in his Lordſhip's Power, and the Sin is his, not your's: Two Hundred a Year is a pretty Thing; beſides, one may live

and repent; you are not the firſt, and won't be the laſt.—Come, Madam, ſaid the Huſband, who then entered the Room, you muſt reſolve upon ſomething; you muſt give in Bail, or I muſt carry you to the *Marſhalſea*; I cannot keep People here for nothing. What do you chuſe to drink? I have good Rack in the Houſe, no Body better. Ay, a little Drop of that, ſays the Wife, will comfort the poor young Lady; a Bottle made into Punch can do us no harm; I'll ſtay and keep her Company. The Punch was immediately brought up, and my Landlord drank to her good Deliverance. With all my Heart, ſays his Spouſe, pledging him; though, if I might adviſe, his Lordſhip is a very good Gentleman, and I think would make her extremely happy.

The Punch was ſoon drank by the Officer, his Wife, and Followers; for

Lucy

Lucy abſolutely refuſed to touch it, remembering how ſhe had been ſerved in *Ruſſel-Street*. The Landlord ſaid it was a Pity it ſhould go bare-ars'd, and ordered another Bowl. This was ſoon drank up, and *Cerberus* finding no more Sops were to be had, inſiſted upon her reſolving immediately, whether ſhe would go to a Priſon, or agree to my Lord's Propoſal. She told him ſhe was fully determined, and ready to attend him to any Priſon he pleaſed, only beg'd the Favour of a Coach; which being called, he conveyed her to the *Marſhalſea*.

The dreadful Repreſentation the Bailiff's Wife had given her of a Goal prevented her going to Bed, or even taking a Wink of Sleep. She paſt the Night under the moſt dreadful Apprehenſions, and even Day-light brought but little Comfort; for ſhould a Friend be found capable of releaſing

her, or ſhould my Lord relent, which ſhe had little hopes of, ſhe knew not what Courſe to ſteer, after her Diſcharge; her Money being all gone, and moſt of her Moveables made away with. She knew, at leaſt ſhe had heard, how difficult it was to perſuade the uncharitable World of our ſincere Deſire to return to Virtue. She had Thoughts of offering herſelf to wait on a Lady, but knew that a frank and unreſerved Account of her Misfortunes would not recommend her to ſome Families. A Character ſhe had no Body to give her. Thus perplexed, and uncertain what to fix her Mind on, ſhe was diſturbed from her Reſverie by one of the Turnkeys, who told her there was a Woman and a Gentleman in the Lodge deſired to ſee her.

A thouſand Things crowded at once into her Imagination. She fancied

this

this muſt be my Lord and Mrs. *Joinem*, or perhaps the Bailiff and his Wife, come to tempt her again, and therefore refuſed going down; but, upon recollection, thought there could be nothing to fear at that Time of Day. She therefore went down, and how agreeable was her Surprize, when inſtead of finding my Lord and Mrs. *Joinem*, or the Bailiff and his Wife, ſhe ſaw her Nurſe and her good Friend the Surgeon. Tears of Joy prevented her making any reply to ſome civil Things the latter ſaid to her; but having given vent to her Paſſion by a Flood of Tears, ſhe was prevailed on to ſit down to Breakfaſt.

Upon comparing Notes after Breakfaſt, they found they had been ſtrangely impoſed on; for the Fellow, whom *Lucy* had ſent for her Nurſe when ſhe was in the Spunging-houſe, having his Cue, had told her that her Miſtreſs

treſs was gone to *Windſor* upon a Party of Pleaſure with a Gentleman, and would not return for three or four Days; and the ſame Fellow having been ſent for the Surgeon, brought back Word he was out of Town; which agreeable Meſſage was delivered by my Lord himſelf, as the Reader has ſeen; both equally true, and equally fit for the Mouth of Nobility.

Lucy then aſked, how they came to know the diſmal Place ſhe was in? Your Landlord, ſaid the Surgeon, was by, when the Fellow delivered his Meſſage to your Nurſe; who immediately told her there muſt be ſome Miſchief on Foot, or that Fellow would not be employed, for he was a Bailiff's Follower, and the greateſt Rogue in *England*, except his Maſter, whoſe Name and Place of Abode he gave her in Writing. With this Information ſhe came to me, and I did myſelf the Ho-

nour

nour to wait upon this Officer of Juſtice, who condeſcended to inform me where he had left you; and has likewiſe let me into a Secret, which is, that ſome Lords and Bailiffs differ but in Title.

Having called in the Goaler, he aſked what the Lady's Debt and Coſts amounted to? And being told, paid down the Money. O, Sir, ſays *Lucy* you are all Goodneſs; how can I requite this Charity? I can never repay ſuch Generoſity. Madam, ſaid he ſmiling, you are paying my Charity and Generoſity a Compliment which neither of them deſerve; for I am as covetous an old Fellow as ever you knew in your Life; and if I advance this Money I expect to be well paid for it; I have got good Land Security for it. How, Sir! ſaid *Lucy*, ſurprized. Why you did not know perhaps, Madam, the vaſt Fortune your Nurſe has amaſſed in

your

your Family. She has, Madam, an Eſtate of not leſs than Twenty Six Shillings a Year, which ſhe has mortgaged to me for this Money; that is, ſhe would have done ſo, but Time would not permit our getting the Writings drawn; but ſhe has promiſed to give me Poſſeſſion as ſoon as ever I require it, which I am convinced ſhe will. Indeed I ſhall, ſaid the old Woman, and would, had it been ſo many Hundreds, to free my dear Lady, my dear Child, from a Priſon. What, Doctor *Thompſon*'s Daughter in a Priſon! He who kept hundreds out. Poor dear Gentleman, it would have broke his Heart had he been living. *Lucy* could not help paying a tributary Tear to the Memory of her deceaſed Father. Come, Madam, ſays Mr. *Goodheart*, that was the Surgeon's Name, my Coach waits, you have been too long in this Place of Horror.

The Coach ſtop'd at Mr. *Goodheart*'s Door, who deſired *Lucy* and her Nurſe to walk in and reſt themſelves. Being introduced into the Parlour, Madam, ſaid he to *Lucy*, you have but exchanged your Priſon, for I am reſolved you ſhall ſtay in this Houſe, both you and that fooliſh old Woman, till I am paid every Shilling of my Money; but, as I am regular in my Proceedings, I love to give as well as take Security upon all Occaſions that require it; and going into another Room, introduced his Lady, a Woman about Forty: Here, my Dear, ſaid he, you muſt be my Bail, that no Harm ſhall happen to theſe Women, and that they are ſafe under this Roof; but aſſuming a more ſerious Air, This, my Dear, ſaid he, is Miſs *Thompſon*; and Miſs *Thompſon*, added he, if I knew better Hands to put you into, I ſhould not lay myſelf under ſuch an Obligation to Mrs. *Goodheart*, who I am ſure will

redouble

redouble her Civilities to you, purely to keep me always in her Debt. Here, take her, ſays he, and if you can't uſe her as well as ſhe deſerves, uſe her as well as you can..

Mrs. *Goodheart* received this young Lady, as it is probable ſhe will be received herſelf by Angels in another Place, with a Smile full of Sweetneſs and good Nature. Madam, ſaid ſhe, I have always received Mr. *Goodheart*'s Requeſts in the Nature of Commands, becauſe not delivered as ſuch; but can plead no Merit in obeying now, as I am ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed in your Favour. Such a Mixture of Beauty, Innocence, and Sorrow, I think I never ſaw before.—The Vanity of that Woman! cried *Goodheart*, ſhe will not allow me the Merit of that Diſcovery.

Some Weeks paſt on in this Manner; good Nature and Humanity on

the one Side, and Reſpect and Gratitude on the other. *Goodheart* having a Caſt of Humour peculiar to himſelf, would often tell *Lucy* ſhe was in an enchanted Caſtle, from whence nothing but a *Quixot* could deliver her; and often reproaching the Nurſe for her Folly, in becoming Security for her Miſtreſs; I ſhall certainly put the Bond in Force. What Bond, ſaid the Nurſe, ſurprized? Why, the Bond you promiſed me, ſaid he, if I hear any more of Obligations, and ſuch Stuff. Come, ſaid he, putting on a ſtern Look, make over your Eſtate to me. With all my Soul, ſaid ſhe, this Moment if you pleaſe. I'll ſee you hanged firſt, ſaid *Goodheart*; what, am I obliged to take your Time! No, it ſhall be when I pleaſe; I won't humour any old Woman in *England*.

It was a Cuſtom with this Gentleman to go now and then to a neighbouring

bouring Tavern to ſpend his Evening. One Night a young Gentleman was introduced by one of the Company, and the Diſcourſe falling upon Love, Mr. *Goodheart* obſerved this young Gentleman often let fall a Sigh; and rallying him on his Folly, as he called it, drew from him a Deſcription of his Miſtreſs. *Goodheart* heard him with Attention, and ſeemed ſo pleaſed with the Warmth he expreſſed, that he preſſed him to come and breakfaſt with him the next Morning, which he, with ſome reluctance, at laſt accepted.

Next Morning the Gentleman waited on Mr. *Goodheart* according to his Promiſe, and was introduced to his Lady. Breakfaſt being ready, *Lucy* was called down. As ſoon as ſhe entered the Room ſhe grew pale, and ſunk into a Chair. The young Gentleman ran and took her in his Arms,

and

and cried out with extaſy, O *Lucy!* my dear *Lucy!* is it poſſible? Am I ſo happy as to behold you once again? She opening her Eyes, looked languiſhingly on him, and ſaid no more than Mr. *Trueman*, is it you? It is, it is, my Angel; nothing ſhall part us now. Oh Sir! Madam! forgive my Tranſports. This, Sir, is the dear Fugitive whoſe Abſence rob'd me of my Peace. My dear *Lucy*, added he, had I not been happy enough to have found you, I never ſhould have ſet Foot in *Northamptonſhire* more. His Tranſports of Joy being ſomewhat abated, the Company ſet down to Breakfaſt, and Mr. *Trueman* informed them that he had been three Months in *London* in ſearch of his dear *Lucy*; that he had traced her to Mrs. *Joinem*'s, but could get no further Intelligence of her; but Providence threw me into this Gentleman's Company laſt Night, whom I ſhall ever look upon as my good Angel.

gel. Good Angel indeed! ſaid *Lucy*, if you knew, Mr. *Trueman*, how much I am indebted to his Goodneſs: here ſhe let fall a heavy Sigh, which being obſerved by *Goodheart*, he quitted the Room, and was ſoon followed by his Lady.

A thouſand tender Things paſſed between theſe Lovers. I hope, ſaid *Trueman*, my dear *Lucy* can have no Objection to making me happy now. If my dear Girl knew the reſtleſs Days, and ſleepleſs Nights, I have paſſed in her Abſence, ſhe would not heſitate one Moment to be mine. Oh, Mr. *Trueman*, ſaid ſhe, looking tenderly on him, it cannot be, the Obſtacles are inſurmountable that prevent our Union. You know not—Yes I know it all, ſaid he eagerly, I know your Mother's Baſeneſs, and ſeverely has ſhe paid for her Miſconduct; and the Wretch her Paramour died miſerably.

I know the Treachery of my Lord; but, added he, I know my dear Girl's Soul is pure and unſpotted. Shield thyſelf in theſe Arms that are open to receive thee, and be thy Guard againſt the future Deſigns of Mankind, to which ſuch Beauty as thine muſt always be expoſed. Say, my Love, thou wilt be mine?—In my Days of Innocence and Purity, ſaid *Lucy*, I ſhould have been proud of calling myſelf your's, but now it is impoſſible; I am not worthy of you. My dear Girl, ſaid he, let that Thought no more diſturb thy Peace than it ſhall mine; conſent to make me happy, and let all our Sorrows be forgot. If, ſaid ſhe, you have Generoſity enough to take me with all my Imperfections—Thou haſt none, my Angel, ſaid he eagerly; thou haſt had Misfortunes—but of them no more; I ſhall endeavour to make thee forget them. He then preſſed her for the Conſummation of their Nuptials. She told him ſhe muſt have Mr. *Goodheart*'s Conſent, who,

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by his Offices of Humanity to her, gave him a Right over her almoſt equal to a Father's.

The Surgeon and his Lady re-entering the Room, Mr. *Trueman* broke the Matter to them; telling him *Lucy* would do nothing without his Conſent. Is that the Caſe? ſaid *Goodheart*; then I'll make thee pay for it, my Boy. As I am her Guardian I muſt make the moſt of my Charge. Let me ſee: I expect, in the firſt Place, a Brace of Hundreds for my Conſent, and I can't charge leſs than One Hundred for my Wife's, beſides a Hundred or Two for:—If you are really in Love, as you ſay you are, you won't aſk for what. I comply with your Demands, Sir, ſays *Trueman*; and, if you are ſerious, ſhall have the Money to-morrow Morning. There are no Terms which I would not comply with to obtain the Felicity of calling her mine. Oh, ho, ſays *Goodheart*, I ſee

I am but a poor Ward-monger; I ſhould have known the Depth of your Folly, and have rated it accordingly: But come, I'll humour Madneſs for once; you ſhall have her to-morrow upon your own Terms. I ſhall make good my Promiſe, ſaid *Trueman*; and I mine, ſaid the Surgeon.

The next Morning the Money was paid, and the Ceremony performed; and *Goodheart* told *Trueman* he ſhould ſee he was not ſo mercenary as ſome Guardians, for out of his Money he ſhould afford them a good Dinner. After that was over, he produced a Parcel of ſmall Caſes, and opening them, preſented *Lucy* with a very fine Diamond Necklace, a Pair of Earings, Sprigg for her Hair, and a Brilliant Hoop; and there, ſays he to *Trueman*, is the Goldſmith's Receipt, which I ſhall expect to be repaid, if I do not ſtand God-father to the firſt Child.

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They ſtid a Month after the Marriage at Mr. *Goodheart*'s, and then inſiſted on their kind Hoſts going down and ſpending the Remainder of the Summer with them in the Country; which was chearfully accepted, upon Condition that the new-married Couple ſhould return the Viſit in the Winter; which they promiſed. *Lucy* brought Mr. *Trueman* a Son the firſt Year of their Marriage; Mr. *Goodheart* and his Lady ſtood Sponſors, and the faithful old Nurſe attended the Child; for whom Mr. *Goodheart* made a handſome Proviſion at his Death, which happened a few Years after. Mrs. *Goodheart* left the Town, and reſiding intirely with this happy Pair, was a Witneſs of the moſt perfect Union that perhaps ever ſubſiſted between a married Couple.

End of the Firſt Volume.